

THE LIVING AGE.

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} FROM BEGINNING
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ALONG THE ROADS OF FRANCE.

Along the roads of France

The lean polled aspens stand,
Each with a fellow-tree before
And one on either hand;

They march through rock, through
sand,

Straight as an arrow's flight,
Unbending as the iron will
That wrought them in its might;

Staunch as his men in fight
The tall trees still abide.
Gone are the brave that bled for him,
And gone Napoleon's pride.

The ghosts of those that died,
They stand in disarray;
Their plumes, their stars, their
epaulettes,
The wind has blown away.

For them no trumpets neigh
For slayers or for slain,
Only the unrelenting wind
Goads, and the rooks complain.

Over and over again
Poor maimed, what words do you
say?

Like a stunned man that drones
Old prayers with wits a-stray.

Wilfrid Thorley.

The Academy.

RHYTHM OF OLD-TIME SOWING.

Down the furrows which run to a
point in the distance,
Brown earth meeting sky in a cleft of
the trees,

He treads, and his movements with
labored insistence

Keep time with his thoughts, while
the chill-blowing breeze

Takes the seed from his hands, swing-
ing wide, alternating,

And in curves lays it softly on rich,
crumbling earth,

For he thinks as he treads of his
courtship and mating,

Of his labor, his wages, of death, and
of birth.

He has laid his old father to rest,
and his mother

She'll go soon, soon his wife will have
borne him a child,

Birth and death to him too at some
time or another

Both will come, and this weather
won't last, 'tis too mild,

And that new plough of master's cuts
a beautiful furrow,

Though young Jock does not guide
like his father, old Ben,

And the worms in the acre that
patiently burrow

Work alike for the seed-yards and
grave-yards of men.

The sun has now sunk to the gap of
the clearing

In the pencil-gray woods at the top of
the hill,

And the wind as it falls to the north-
east is veering,

And the sower though weary toils
patiently still,

With his back slightly bent for the
swing and recover

As he flings forth the seed in its
powdery flight,

Till the shades gather down and the
day's work is over

And man and earth-mother are cov-
ered by night.

Hardress O'Grady.

The Westminster Gazette.

TRANSFIGURATION.

My Lady's eyes look straight in mine,
And lo! a mystery divine

Takes fire and motion from her glance,
And thrills and kindles with romance

All nature's dear and common things.
The rook that preens his rugged

wings,

The red cock crowing as we pass,

The crested plover in the grass,

The spangled poplar's whispered tale,

The yellowing maple's dotted veil,

The startled pheasant's heavy whirr.

The distant thresher's drowsy purr,

The great hare hopping on the road,

The wain-man whistling on his load,

Are more, far more than sight or
sound,

Because, O mystery profound!

My Lady's eyes, where none can see,
With so great kindness look on me!

James H. Cousins.

The Irish Review.

THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

The America that was once Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic is undergoing a slow metamorphosis. There is an inundation of new peoples, a gradual conquest, penetration, and subversion of the land whose symbol was so long embodied in the lean figure of the traditional Yankee. Among the later alien swarms that are changing the entire complexion of one great American city after another, and through these, the character of all that was once essentially American, there is no element more potent and aggressive than the Jew.

Prior to 1880, when the forerunning waves of the great tides of Jewish immigration which have since kept rolling so steadily westward, first reached America, the Jewish population was a comparatively small one. It was chiefly of German or Polish origin, and was spread more or less evenly throughout the land. There was no congestion, no ghetto, and but little of the poverty which has since then afflicted the successors of these people.

He who would study the Jews in the America of the present day may confine himself almost exclusively to New York and its sister cities, Philadelphia and Chicago, and to the immigrant Jew and his children. In each of these great towns may be found an entire Jewish world. In the city of New York alone there are more Jews of all nationalities than in any separate nationality in the world, their numbers being estimated at over a million. Each of the three cities mentioned possesses a great and slum-like ghetto.

The Jewish immigration of the last three decades has come chiefly from Russia, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, and Galicia. Week after week into the great ghetto of New York, the im-

migrant ships pour their swarthy thousands. The congested tenement-houses and the swarming streets, full of a sordid yet picturesque life and Oriental roar, absorb in some unaccountable wise these endless and astonishing multitudes. The houses teem—from the Stygian basements where human beings live and toll in the stench and darkness, to the flat roofs of asphalt or tin on which during the infernal heat of summer the half-nude people lie gasping. In comparison with the East Side of New York, the mediæval ghettos of Europe were places of seclusion and repose. Even the Whitechapel of to-day is, by comparison, an airy and spacious region. Whoso for the first time enters this clashing tumult of five hundred acres might well fancy himself in some Tartarean environment devised by the *Zeitgeist* as a grim stroke of satire against our civilization. The ghetto of New York is less a place of houses and homes than a huge caravanserai in which the immigrant may for a time shelter himself among his own people whilst preparing to cope with the unknown forces and conditions of that America which confronts him as a mysterious immensity, Holy, Rich, and Free.

In his idealistic but somewhat overstrained play, *The Melting-Pot*, Mr. Israel Zangwill has likened the United States to a crucible simmering with a hundred nationalities, over-arched by fiery sunsets, and goaded towards the boiling-point by "the fires of God." Truly, the idea is an impressive one. Nevertheless, seen in the white, inclement light of a satirical mood, this sublime crucible might easily appear nothing more than a satanic casserole in which a monstrous and by no means sweet-smelling stew is being

cooked over fires truly Luciferian.

In America, the fever of greed—a pitchy flame that withers but does not cleanse—devours many precious human faculties and drives into materialistic paths the genius and the energies that might bring forth great men and noble works. Of eighty million souls, the majority, cheated of spiritual guides and sunk in a thoughtless apathy of the spirit, strive in a dervish-dance of ceaseless and hollow activities, with now and again one of those impulsive, hysterical crazes for the simple and finer things of life which are the signs of reaction from the inevitable nausea which smites the glutton at his feast. Yet the most hopeful aspect of the financial madness that gnaws at the soul and nerves of this young nation, lies in the fact that these conditions are the result rather of a panic of greed than a passion. Despite the corruption of ethical standards, the American is at heart a simple, a childishly simple, idealist who flatters himself with the thought of his marvellous Machiavellianism.

The mighty witch-kettle of America seethes and bubbles above the roar of the industrial fires and from end to end of the land sweep the withering simoons engendered by the spirit of gain. Into this kettle are flung the essences of many nations, the blood, brains, soul, and sinews of the tribes that pour westward to replenish the stock and strain of an Anglo-Saxon people which, despite its youth, has already felt the deadly inroads of decadence. Not the vitality of conglomerate America is at stake, but the vitality and dominance of its historic populations.

Nowhere are these new influences more turbulently at work than in the crowded precincts of the Jewish East Side of New York. The ghetto of this metropolis is like a human whirl-

pool that sends its deep, powerful streams into the tumultuous American life. It enriches and supplants the barren Saxon stock. Ceaselessly, action and reaction go on, a tremendous, awe-inspiring spectacle of civilization clashing with civilization, of man modifying man, and all the irresistible forces of new environments changing not only the entire outlook, religion, and morality of a people, but also their very physique. Modern America is being conquered by the alien, especially by the Jew, and in turn the Jew, or at least Judaism, is being conquered by Americanism.

The most potent factor affecting the destiny of the Jews in the United States is naturally the economic one. It is part of that grim, remorseless game of dollars and cents by which the people, enterprises, and policy of the Republic are given direction and significance. By training, by natural persistence, and, possibly, by instinct well-equipped for this war, the American Jew has made immense progress and amazing conquests. He is an excellent example of how easily human beings may be made and unmade by the power of gold. He has become the monarch of various monopolies. He supplies, for instance, almost the entire United States with clothing, haberdashery and caps. Enormous quantities of these goods are produced under the most miserable conditions in the "sweat-shops," which form one of the most deplorable features of the ghetto. Here, huddled in dark rooms and lofts, full of dead, foul air, the operatives ply their racing machines beneath the flare of gas-jets and the sharp eye of an overseer. The desperate haste which fills the very air of Manhattan is here still further intensified by a gnawing poverty. These men and women, many of them newly arrived, veritable slaves of the needle and sewing-machine, are ground like

grist in the remorseless mills of competition. They struggle on against wretched wages, unhealthy surroundings, and disease. But out of these tiny sweat-shops, often employing not more than two or three operatives, snug fortunes are accumulated and flourishing industries built up. Many a prominent Jewish manufacturer in New York, with splendid offices on Broadway and a mansion in Madison Avenue, may trace his commercial evolution from the day when, as a ragged pilgrim, he was first admitted through the formidable gates of Ellis Island with almost no resources save his sobriety, industry, and ambition. A walk along Lower Broadway discloses a disconcerting array of names ending with "stein," "ovitch," or "etsky."

The development of this prosperous class has likewise created a more elegant and spacious Jewish quarter "uptown." Even in the ghetto a number of Jewish banks, fashionable if somewhat garish restaurants, and apartment buildings with lifts and a uniformed negro porter to open the glittering brass-bound door, have sprung up. This desire to ape the American and his models has produced a rather grotesque form of Americamania. Characteristically Jewish names are Anglicized, or translated, sometimes with ludicrous results. Everywhere amidst the grayness of the crowded quarter the growing taste for external show, extravagance and luxury is visible. The fantastic, worthless furniture displayed in shops, the obtrusive dress of the young men and women, the passion for buying jewels on the hire-purchase system (many a gorgeous solitaire diamond have I seen coruscating on the black paw of a journeyman plumber!) are all pathetic evidences of this desire. A hunger for light amusement, that pabulum of the modern proletariat, is also a natural result of lives so nervous

and fiercely harried as those of the ghetto-dwellers. There are at least eight or ten East-Side theatres, presenting plays in the Yiddish jargon, and the omnipresent cinema blazes in every street.

The immigrants who arrive in their dingy thousands week after week, pedlars, tailors, "egg-candlers," and the like, become the fathers of children who at maturity differ from them in a hundred ways. The new generations vary from the old even in physique, for it has been ascertained that the offspring of the round-headed Russian or Roumanian immigrants have heads which, strangely enough, approximate to the long and narrow type of the American whom, it is said, climate and environment, and perhaps dollar-chasing, are reshaping to the aboriginal type of the lean Indian hunter. The first social force in this process of differentiation is the American public school, with its democratic promiscuity. In schools outside the ghetto the young native Jew must cope with an environment that is almost entirely Gentile or secular. The models, if not the associates, of the Jewish boy are Christians, who react upon him by word, thought, and example. He begins to look upon the solemn ceremonies, the weird incantations, the burning of lights and the wearing of phylacteries at prayers, as things unpleasantly foreign and reactionary to the fascinating material civilization about him. He grows impatient of the uncomfortable fast or feast days, he cherishes first a secret, than an open scorn for the narrow hostility of his parents toward all that is American. He resents the immaterial stigma which the attitude of the Christian world implies it has set upon his race. Sometimes, seeking immunity in a mental coloring similar to that of his surroundings, he affects to speak the word "Jew" not with pride, but

with a deprecating humor or sarcasm. He is soon able, like his fellow-Americans, to see the exotic peculiarities of his people in a purely objective manner—the long beards, the snuffling accents, the ringlets of the orthodox type. Frequently, under the heavy stress of his battle for place, and the inheritance, in some cases, of a nervous system shattered by ancient persecutions, there develops in him that morbid, neurasthenic strain so characteristic of the Jews of finer imaginative fibre.

Very early in the young Jew of the United States a deep and grateful devotion to the Bird of Freedom is implanted. How often from the open windows of those vast and handsome school buildings which tower aloft at frequent intervals in the ghetto, have I heard the voices of dark-eyed children, many of them born under a foreign sky, pouring forth the words of that patriotic hymn *America* with a fervor that harbors no suspicion of their incongruity:—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty,—
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain-side,
Let Freedom ring!"

The feeling is genuine. One of the charges which the American anti-Semite has levelled against his Jewish fellow-citizens is that of a lack of courage and patriotism. The rank injustice of this was, however, thoroughly disproved in the American-Spanish War, when thousands of American Jews offered their services as volunteers in that absurd, hysterical campaign.

In the battles of the commercial world the young Hebrew is constantly forced to violate the Sabbath of his people by attending to his business affairs on that day, or else suffering the

losses which intense competition renders particularly serious. Sometimes, too, he violates another cherished tradition of his race by intermarrying with a Christian, a practice that is growing more and more common with both sexes. This, naturally, is a source of much sorrow and estrangement in orthodox families. In many other ways the cleavage is deep and tragic. Though the traditional respect for parents is still conserved among the younger generation, yet even this has to a great degree broken down under the false standards adopted from a materialistic civilization inimical to the nobler attributes of humanity. Having acquired the use of English, the young naturally begin to disdain the uncouth jargon of their elders. The flame-shaped letters that burn upon every sign-board in the Quarter lose all interest for them, and soon parents and children regard one another like dwellers in a different land, each speaking a different tongue. The rift widens as the young acquire a smattering of social forms and of that mysterious, fascinating attribute which they call "style."

The moral and economic value of a good education is thoroughly appreciated by a people so long denied its benefits. Hungry for knowledge, and ambitious to rise, they avail themselves fully of the many opportunities for free instruction in New York and elsewhere. They besiege and devour the public libraries where, in significant contrast to the population of Saxon origin, they read works of pure literature, history, philosophy, and poetry. Other sources of culture and education are found in the social and literary clubs of the numerous settlement houses—those islands of American ideals in an ocean of Jewish life. These splendid institutions are generously supported by wealthy and philanthropic American Jews. I account it

as a rare privilege and an interesting experience that I was permitted to act as the "director" of such a club. My young men, nearly all of them the sons of Russian or Roumanian immigrants, were the first links in the chain of many new generations of citizens. The intense, temperamental vitality of their race burnt in their hearts, and was given an added force by their immersion in a fierce industrial civilization. They were well aware that life was one constant struggle for power, and that education, cleverness, and tenacity were necessary in order that they might reach the peaks of monetary success. Their feet were upon the bottom rungs of the social and economic ladder, but they were determined they should not remain there. They knew that in the new land the old customs and beliefs of their fathers hampered rather than helped them. They scented that subtle and very obvious anti-Semitism from which America has never rid herself. But they knew likewise what power was theirs, that it lay in their numbers, in their cohesion, and in the superior tenacity, ambition, and industry they displayed in competition with the American. The places they were so hungrily bent on conquering they did not contest with the laboring classes or even with the skilled, highly paid artisan, but with candidates for the professions.

These lads were already tinged with a certain shallow cynicism bred by American life, and their speech and actions were full of nervous, spasmodic enthusiasms. They were very neat and scrupulous in dress, though there were always a number who were prone to adopt the flaring quality which frequently gives a grotesque accent to juvenile American fashions. The speech of some of these young men, even according to American standards, was certainly not derived

from the "well of English undefiled." In addition to a vocabulary largely recruited from the stock of current, ready-made slang (whose "picturesqueness" it is now the fashion for certain writers to praise), their intonation was charged with a grating twang of nasal thickness—an inherited quality seldom found among the children of Polish or German Jews. They had mastered the American air and point of view and much of the swaggering spirit of American independence which may be summed up *not* by "You are as good as I," but rather by "I am as good as you"—a challenge which their environment often made necessary. Their alertness and intelligence were of the first order. Intellectually, they were the superiors of the Christian Americans. In certain institutions of learning they carried everything before them. They strove for and often maintained a gentlemanly ideal of conduct, but unfortunately, like their fathers before them, they had soon discovered that the graces of human intercourse are among the first things to be flung aside in the march of that ridiculous progress which means little more than the hiss of steam, the clank of engines, and the insensate piling of dollars upon dollars.

For those vallant and antique spirits whose attitude is so wistful, to whom the future of Judaism as a vital religion means so much, little of promise may be expected from the American Jew. The young hands outstretched to carry forward the torch of that religion are few. The native rabbi is often dominated by a cynical attitude of disbelief in the very faith he serves. The Zionists and other Jewish enthusiasts are mostly of foreign birth. There are two main divisions of orthodox and reform Jews. Some regard the Jews as a distinct nation, others as one merely holding a separate belief. One party, that of the

older elements, advocates the preservation of the race, the other, chiefly native-born, complete absorption in the Gentile populace. The second generation has become a source of danger and weakness to the spiritual welfare of Israel. In this lies the tragedy of a people who, finding at last a national refuge, now realize that it is here that their dreams of final unification may go to wreck. The new generations are apostate. Exile, persecution, and poverty that forged and tempered their fathers upon the world's anvil with the hammers of hate—such things have neither meaning nor sentiment for the prosperous American Jews. They revel amidst the plenty of a miraculously fat seven years. Luxury, a specious commercial code and the insidious influence of a pragmatic system of life, not to speak of the disintegrating effect of modern thought, are the rocks upon which the ancient faith is shattered. Yet much of the Jewish idealism persists, if not in the formal religion, then at least in ethics and humanitarianism, in men like Dr. Felix Adler, the distinguished leader of the ethical church in America.

Some ethical purpose inspired by a religious element not necessarily of a traditional origin, is one of the great needs of the spiritually arid life of America, no less arid because it harbors more faiths and fetichisms than that of any other land. Sometimes a cause or a propaganda takes the place of a creed or a philosophy. The cafés and basement tea-houses of the East Side swarm with socialists, with anarchists of various stripe, and revolutionaries of every degree, men and women who form a fretful, sulphurous, and frequently explosive ingredient in the contents of the great melting-pot, yet infuse it with passionate thought and aspiration. If absolute reliance might be placed upon the preponder-

ance of Jewish names in the recent hideous disclosures of police corruption and assassination in New York, it would seem that even in the black field of crime, the restless native Jew of the slums is achieving an evil pre-eminence. He was once the most law-abiding of Americans, but now like his fellows, he laughs at the spineless law.

The one effective weapon which the sequestered Jew has been able to wield against unjust persecution and that embattled paradox called Christian love, has been the weapon of wealth. This gave him not only a means of defence but also many means to power, and this temporal power has usually been reinforced by a vast fund of spiritual strength. When the Jew of an older day grew opulent, he did not necessarily lose his faith. In America the Jew of to-day wins wealth more easily and abundantly than ever before, but generally at the expense of his faith. America is the great clearing-house in which the spiritual riches of Israel are converted into dollars and cents. The Promised Land has become a promissory note which the younger generations are cashing with a feverish haste. Hungrily they are reaching out for the material pleasures, privileges and possessions of which their race has been deprived so long. The tightly coiled spring of human energy wound up in old oppressive lands is suddenly released. Huge, dynamic powers are at work and the luxury-loving American begins to feel himself an alien on his own soil. Before the aggressive persistence and energy of the disinherited Jew the defensive persistence and energy of the American endeavoring to hold his own must at length give way, as it is giving way before the steady encroachment of the industrious Italian peasant in agricultural New England.

The strain of dominance in the native American may usually be traced to an ancestry hardened by persecution and adversity, such as the Puritan pilgrims who settled in harsh and stony New England, the English prisoners transported to Virginia, the French Huguenots, who founded Louisiana, or, in later times, the Irish immigrants fleeing from famine and oppression, and the German revolutionaries of 1848. For a time, sometimes for only a generation, this stubborn, fighting, and conquering strain persists in the blood of a nation and may add to its glory. Then it passes away, as it has always passed away—under the slow, insidious solvents of Mammonism, luxury, and national enervation. All conquering peoples win their places in the world because they are strong and fit and go onward and forward under an impetus derived largely from the stored-up valiant deeds of their ancestors.

In a cosmic sense and to the eye of historical time, nations are but vast and loosely constructed organisms subject to all the natural laws of growth and decay, and to many ills and disasters, and for each in turn the great clock of eternity must strike twelve. This is true even of the once-dominant race within a nation. When it is no longer strong or worthy to rule, then conquest comes, though it may not come as of old, by fire and sword, but by a gradual permeation of vigorous alien peoples. The critic of American conditions is constantly warned that he must make allowances for this country because it is a young nation in the throes of change and growth. That is a just admonition. But he whose conception of patriotism is wider than that of the Fourth-of-July orator or the flag-idolater might well ask himself whether its youth be not that most fatal of all things, a youth already cor-

rupted? The most blatant and unbalanced optimist, were he able to read aright the heavens of his land, might pause when he beholds the national stars convulsed in their courses, and the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race trampled into the political mud. Perhaps, even in the hour of its new triumphs and temptations this tendency to disintegration must also apply to that vital Oriental race which has defied centuries of hostile Christianity. The conquering elements may again be merged with the conquered, like the salient wave with the fallen, until the tumult sink to calm. The world may watch hopefully the tremendous and terrible powers that are at work in the vast and stormy stretches of America, but there is no prophet gifted to foretell the shape or substance of what is to arise out of the turmoil and the blending of all the good and evil strains drawn from the blood and passions of the Earth.

That the American Jew has already won a dominant position, and that he is well-fitted to retain it, is apparent to all who study the forces operating in the New World. His success accounts, in part, for the fresh rancor that has been given to anti-Semitism there, a feeling which though intense, is not always apparent on the surface of communities in which Jewish interests and Christian are so closely involved with one another. But whatever mental distress this anti-Semitism may cause sensitive, cultured Hebrews, who despise at heart the crass Philistinism of the American, it will prove of no avail against the steady and triumphant progress of the American Jews now riding high upon the crest of democracy into places of power. It will merely produce a fiercer determination to attain their goal. It must in justice be remarked that the resentment of refined Americans at the social aggressions of the

rich and vulgar Hebrew is not without its reasonable basis. Economic jealousy is another factor. The commercial unscrupulousness of the Jew has equalled or even surpassed the unscrupulousness of the Christian American who has so long shamed and flouted the laws of the land he attempted to govern. Of this prevailing impotence of the law the predatory classes of all nationalities have taken advantage. It has produced that strange and paradoxical type—the commercial “criminaloid.” But the astute and calculating Jew has, in many cases, been able to profit more fully by these conditions than even the clever Yankee. A long array of examples might be given to prove what debauched standards of success among his own people beset the young Jew in a country where the monopolist and plutocrat are regarded as “great” men.

On the other hand, were it not for the strong, and idealistic Jewish strain, German, Polish, or Russian, the art and literature of the United States would present a still drearier aspect and flow at a still lower ebb. In music the Jewish American reigns almost supreme. Many of the foremost writers, the poets in particular, are of Jewish descent. The most gifted and temperamental actors and actresses are Jewish by birth, though in the management of the theatres the Jewish monopoly is pernicious. In intellectual fields the American Jew occupies a lofty position; he has also distinguished himself at the bar. The

The Contemporary Review.

Jewish philanthropists of America, foreign or native-born, are of the noblest, most humanitarian stamp. As a political factor the Jewish citizen is at present more or less negligible, but he begins to realize, as the Irish long ago realized, what power there lies in organization.

Power! power! that is the loudest cry of the disinherited tribes of Israel in that new world beyond the sea, and power there means at present little more than the force that lies in money. This cry for power, this desire for self-realization, rises in a walling chorus of thousands of voices singing the Zionist hymn as the slow, sad processions of the sweated workers wind through the foul, congested ghetto streets. Other songs, wild and defiant, go up between the bastions of brick straight to the hard blue skies that glare above Manhattan. Everywhere resound the religious chants and invocations meant for the ear of Jehovah—still worshipped as of old.

But the new generations have their new gods in the New Land, and of these is Mammon the mightiest of all. The old Zion is ruinous and the faithful sons of the Covenant are cast down. It is safe to predict that spiritual ramparts will never be erected in the great and fertile Chosen Land until the golden calf is hurled from the lofty pedestal it occupies in the forum of the Republic, and the hearts of men, be they Jews or Gentiles, are bent with the same fervor on worthier things.

Herman Scheffauer.

AN OMINOUS PARALLEL.

FRANCE 1866-1870 : THE UNITED KINGDOM 1903-1913.

I propose, in this paper, to touch upon some of the events which occurred in France in the years 1866 to 1870, and to show how closely those events

correspond with what has happened in this country during the past ten years. My object in doing this will be easily seen; it is to enable my fellow

countrymen to profit by the lessons of history, so that they may escape the disgrace, humiliation, loss of territory and of money which France suffered some forty years ago.

The extraordinary success of Prussia in her short and sharp campaign against Austria in 1866 naturally caused alarm in France, and the French Emperor and his advisers instituted searching enquiries into the military system which had gained so great a triumph for the arms of Prussia. At the very outbreak of the war the Emperor Napoleon had sent one of his own orderly officers, Colonel Baron Stoffel, into Bohemia in order that he might study, and report upon, the events of the war. Stoffel was subsequently appointed Military Attaché at Berlin, and held that post until July 19, 1870, when, war having been declared, he was ordered to leave Berlin at a few hours' notice.

Stoffel lost no time in setting to work, for his first report was submitted on September 8, 1866, and in this paper the sagacious French officer put his finger on the main cause of the superiority of the Prussian army:

The Prussians [he wrote] are pleased to call their army "the people in arms," a very just title, on account of the system of obligatory military service; and they make no mistake about the great power which their army acquires owing to the presence in its ranks of the educated and well-brought-up men of the rich and leisured classes, who, as officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, devote to the defence of their country all the vital forces, all the intelligence which the country contains.

Stoffel follows this up by suggesting that in France they should begin to improve their army by stopping the system which then prevailed of allowing the rich who were drawn by lot for military service to buy themselves

off. As matters stood, he said, the French army was nothing but "a collection of the most needy and the most ignorant of the French people, to whom the favored classes entrusted the task of fighting for them."

For four years Stoffel continued, with zeal and energy, to report on the wonderful power conferred on the Prussian army by the *moral* superiority of the system of universal obligation for military service, which was enforced in Prussia but neglected in France, but his reports were never published. The Emperor was, however, much influenced by them and made strenuous attempts to improve the organization of the French army. As early as October 1866 he wrote to his War Minister recommending a scheme of reform based upon universal obligation to service. A Commission was assembled to report on the best means of securing the defence of French territory and the maintenance of French political influence, and the point which the Commission had to settle resolved itself into the question of how an army of a million men, counting reserves, was to be procured.

Prince Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor, was President of this Commission, and quoted from the writings of the latter, when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, the following passage: "The Prussian organization is the only one which is suited to our democratic nation, to our equal laws, and our political situation; for it is based on justice, equality and economy, and has for its aim not conquest, but independence." The Prince therefore advocated the adoption of the Prussian system, but the civilians on the Commission opposed tooth and nail all suggestions of universal service. They said that

it was impossible to aggravate the military burden, or increase the army estimate, still less to call out the en-

tire class of the year: by so doing they would furnish arguments to the opposition which was putting in its programme a reduction of the annual contingent from 100,000 to 80,000 men, as well as of war expenditure generally.

The soldiers on the Commission said: "Tell the country the truth, explain to the people the actual political situation resulting from recent events; make them understand the dangers to which we are exposed by this situation, and they will not refuse you the means for strengthening the army." But this it was impossible for the civilian Ministers to do. M. Rouher, the chief of them all, could not tell the country that it was in danger, for he had just recently explained that Germany, by cutting itself into three divisions—Austria, the Confederation of the North, and that of the South—had become weaker and therefore less of a menace than ever.

General Pedoya, in a book published in 1908, shows how the battle of Sadowa affected Europe like a clap of thunder. Public opinion attributed the success of the Prussians to their needle-gun and their superior organization. As regards the former, the French School of Musketry had just succeeded in experimenting with a new weapon and the French infantry was soon in possession of the *chassepot*, a weapon superior to the needle-gun of the Prussians. The Government also began to study the question of providing adequate reserves for the army. The Emperor did his best to push on the necessary reforms, and in his speech on the opening of Parliament in 1867 he said that "the influence of a nation depended on the number of men which it could put under arms." This led to the Military Bill of 1868.

This Bill, which was based on universal liability for service, asked for a reduction of the period with the colors

to five years, and for the creation of the "Garde Mobile," which should have corresponded to our Territorial Force, if the latter were based on compulsory enlistment. The French Parliament, by a large majority, rejected the proposal for obligatory personal service, which was declared to be "impracticable for France." "It might be possible," it was said, "for the peasant and the working man, but it was much too burdensome for the literary man, the savant, the artist, or even for the rich land-owner who would want to look after the management of his own farms."

The organization of the "Garde Mobile" was voted with a bad grace and its members could only be called out for fifteen days in the year, and then only for one day at a time. Even against such difficulties Marshal Niel might have made some headway, but he died, and his successor, Marshal Lebœuf, stopped the work of organization begun by Niel, and actually said, "I intend to let the Emperor understand that, in peace time, the 'Garde Mobile' shall exist only on paper."

But to return to Marshal Niel. Thwarted in his attempts at real reform and denied the money which he demanded for carrying out the organization of the "Garde Mobile," Marshal Niel was driven to cover up the defects of the army by reiterated declarations that everything was in perfect order. "Sire," he said to the Emperor, "you have the finest army in the world."

On another occasion, in April 1869, he said in the Senate: "We have an excellent army, trained, full of ardor, perfectly organized, and provided with everything."

Emile Ollivier, in his great book *L'Empire Liberal*, harps much on these and similar expressions of the Emperor and of Marshal Niel, and declares that the army was all right

but that it was extremely badly handled by its generals in the campaign of 1870. But we know from a letter of the Emperor's to Marshal Niel that, even in March 1869 he was getting hints from generals in the army that the forces were not so ready as was said. The colonels spoke of a shortage in numbers of men; said that there would be many horses to be bought for the cavalry if war were to break out; that they were not sure whether all the artillery horses boarded out with farmers would be immediately available, and so on.

But perhaps the most ominous of all the shortcomings of the French was a failure in determination on the part of those who were responsible for the Government of France at this critical juncture. A letter of Lord Lyons to our Ambassador, dated from Paris, January 30, 1870, has lately been published in a life of Lord Lyons written by my friend and colleague in the National Service League, Lord Newton.

The letter begins thus:

I have had a visit from M. Emile Olivier. The thing uppermost in his mind was disarmament. He said he was very anxious that England should exert her influence with Prussia. He explained the position of the present French ministers with regard to the subject. They depended, he said, principally on the great agricultural population of France for support against Socialism and Radicalism. It was essential, therefore, that they should do something for that population. To conciliate them, either taxes might be remitted or the call upon them for recruits be diminished.

This letter reveals the fact that the rulers of the French had lost the firmness and resolution necessary to enable them to face the hard task of maintaining the armaments necessary for the protection of their country and actually condescended to appeal to Bismarck to slacken in his prepara-

tions for war, in order that they, the French Ministers, might gain votes and remain in power. I need hardly say that the fact that these proposals for limitation of armaments emanated from France was to be carefully concealed from Bismarck; but the fact that the origin of the proposals was carefully concealed only makes them the more contemptible.

I have explained the position of affairs in France during the years immediately preceding the catastrophe of the Franco-German War, and I will now ask my countrymen to consider how matters have gone with us in this country during the last ten years. We had our warnings as to our military weakness, not from the pigeon-holed reports of a Military Attaché, but from the events, known to every Briton who could read the newspapers, of the war in South Africa. There is no need, and certainly no desire on my part, to under-rate the difficulties of that war, the mobility and tactical skill of our enemies, their fine rifle-shooting, the vast extent of country that we had to work over, the lack of roads and railways which made it difficult to move our men and to keep them well supplied. All these difficulties were overcome but with incredible exertion and at an enormous expense of time and money, and as far as the Regular Army was concerned, owing to the great reforms carried out by Lord Cardwell, it came well through the struggle.

But the outstanding lesson of the War was clearly summed up in the Report of the Elgin Commission in the words: "No military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limits of the Regular forces of the Crown, whatever that limit may be."

The only existing source from which such power of expansion could be drawn was the Auxiliary Forces. The Duke

of Norfolk's Commission of Enquiry into the condition of those Forces found them unfit to face trained troops with any prospect of success. It recommended a variety of minor reforms, but found that it was impossible, from Volunteers, to exact any standard adequate to secure real fighting efficiency. The Commission consequently declared that "a Home Defence Army capable, in the absence of the whole or greater part of the Regular Forces, of protecting this country against invasion can only be raised on the principle that it is the duty of every citizen to be trained for the National Defence."

This Report was issued in April 1904, but the Unionist Government which was then in power did absolutely nothing to give effect to the advice of the Royal Commission. On the contrary, an official paper was drawn up, in which the "cost of Conscription" was estimated at £28,000,000. Calculations in this paper were, no doubt, correct in themselves, but they were based on the amazing assumption that every male Briton who reached the age of twenty would be fit for military training, although every one in the War Office must have known that an enormous percentage of those who offer to enlist in the Regular Army are rejected every year as absolutely unfit for soldiering on physical grounds.

The Liberal Government certainly did make an effort to put matters right. The Special Reserve was substituted for the old Militia, and in theory the reform was a good one, for the men of the Special Reserve, on joining, undertook a liability to serve abroad with the Regulars in time of war and each man (or boy), on joining, was to go through a course of six months training. Then again, the Territorial Force was substituted for the old Volunteers. The organization of

this new Force was a very great improvement on the old Volunteers, but, being based on the voluntary principle of enlistment, it has failed, as the Report of the Norfolk Commission said must be the case, to furnish the country with a Home Defence Force capable, in the absence of the Regular Army, of protecting the country against invasion.

But as early as the year 1902, and long before these two Royal Commissions had issued their warnings, a patriotic organization—the National Service League—had begun to urge the necessity of creating a great Reserve of trained men in this country, and had shown that the only way to do this efficiently, economically and fairly was by a system of compulsory and universal military training for Home Defence.

After I left the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1905, I was invited to become the President of this League, and in 1909 I was entrusted by the same body with the task of introducing the "National Service—Training and Home Defence—Bill" in the House of Lords.

As in France in 1868, so it was with our Bill—universal obligatory service was rejected, and I grieve to have to record my opinion that it was rejected for the same reason, namely, the fear of offending the voters.

Again, just as in France the military members of Prince Napoleon's Commission had urged the politicians to tell the country the plain truth, to explain to the people the actual political situation and to make them understand the dangers to which they were exposed, so in this country retired naval and military officers who are free to speak have supported me in making a similar appeal to our politicians. In vain have we besought them to explain the change caused by the rise of a great German navy, by

the growth of armaments on the Continent of Europe, by a visible collapse of our own military institutions. Year after year our military forces dwindle and nothing is done. If more money is wanted for the Territorial Force, it is taken from the sums allotted formerly to the Regular Army; when a new and expensive wing—that of military aviation—is added to the Army, the funds for it are got by cutting down the Artillery.

I have mentioned "the visible collapse" of our military institutions; it is clearly demonstrated in the following Table of figures given by the Secretary of State for War in the House of Commons last July:

	1903	
	Establishment	Strength
Regular Army . . .	272,577	272,797
Militia . . .	126,942	100,320
Volunteers and Yeomanry . . .	378,280	277,267
Total . . .	777,799	650,384
	1913	
Regular Army . . .	244,765	235,231
Special Reserve . . .	75,832	58,912
Territorial Force . . .	312,319	250,134
Total . . .	632,916	544,277

As to the Territorial Force, its numbers had fallen another 5000 by October 1 last, when they stood at 245,000, but I need not labor the point of this breakdown. It was openly admitted by Colonel Seely himself in the House of Commons in April last, in the speech which he made in opposition to Mr. G. J. Sandys' Bill for completing by compulsion the numbers voted by Parliament for the Territorial Force. Colonel Seely was anxious on that occasion to force the House to a Division on the Bill, but he said, "Let every man who votes against this Bill realize that we have failed in achievement." And he repeated with emphasis these last words, for he went on to say: "Although this is no time for panic, it is a time of preparation, but we have failed in achievement."

But if the Territorial Force is a failure, the Special Reserve is an even worse failure. The physique of the men enlisted for it is so poor that the War Office will not even furnish to the House of Commons tables of their ages, heights, chest measurements and weight—although these particulars are given every year in the case of recruits for the Regular Army, are recorded for those of the Special Reserve, and could easily be procured and published. As to the numbers, the Table given above shows that where we had 100,000 men in the old Militia, we have now less than 60,000 in the Special Reserve; and as to the training, I have it on good authority that, in some regiments at least, the training of recruits of the Special Reserve has been cut down to two months or very little more than that of the old Militia.

Do the politicians tell the people the real truth about these deficiencies? Not they. We can, in truth, extort from them the bare facts such as are revealed in the Table I have quoted, but no attempt is made, except by some of those who are not in power, to arouse the country to a sense of its danger, or to ask them to make further sacrifices and exertions to ensure the safety of the country. In the same speech as that from which I have just quoted, Colonel Seely said: "I cannot stand at this box and say that the General Staff inform me that the arrangements we now have are inadequate to prevent us suffering from this blow at the heart, which would cause the loss of our national independence." He knows quite well that a member of the Army Council must either accept the decision of the Government not to ask the country for universal service or else resign his seat on the Council and revert from an income of about £2000 a year to half-pay of £500 or £600. Of course,

while our warships are nearly all in the North Sea and the Regular troops are still in the United Kingdom, the General Staff cannot go to the Secretary of State for War and say that we are exposed to a blow at the heart. But this is only part of the war preparation necessary; the Territorial Force, in Lord Haldane's own words, was designed to set free the Expeditionary Force and thus to enable our Regular troops to go to any part of the world where British interests might require their presence. This function the Territorial Force is not able to discharge, because neither in numbers nor in training is it capable, in the absence of the Regulars, of defending this country against invasion.

To take another instance of the half-truths which are uttered by those responsible for the defence of the country: last November a Deputation from the Council of County Associations of the Territorial Force approached the Prime Minister and reported to him that there was "a continued deficiency in the establishment of the Territorial Force in the country, notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts that have been made during the past five years to obtain recruits." In his reply, while admitting that, instead of 313,000, the Force could muster only 245,000 men, Mr. Asquith said that the Territorial Force, as it stood to-day, was incomparably superior to the old Volunteer Force. What on earth is the use of that? The point, of course, is that the Territorial Force, like the old Volunteer Force, is not in a position to fulfil the functions for which it exists, namely, that of relieving the Regular Army from the duty of defending this country on the day that war begins.

I am particularly anxious to state that these remarks about members of the Government are not made in a Party spirit. I began this part of my paper by reminding you that the

Unionist Party, when in power, did nothing at all, while I admit that under the Liberal Government a great improvement in organization has been made.

There is one other point of resemblance between the state of France before 1870 and the present state of affairs in our own islands; we have got a campaign going on in favor of the limitation of armaments. On December 17 last another Deputation waited on the Prime Minister, and this was one of the arguments they used:

We feel that the promise of the reform of education and of land tenure, and of housing, along with the development of agriculture entailing the expenditure of many millions, in the expectation of which we are arousing the hopes of the people, must be broken if the imposition of the additional burdens foretold by Mr. Churchill is not checked.

Compare this with what M. Emile Ollivier said to Lord Lyons in January 1870, and you will find a sinister resemblance in the ideas of both utterances. And what was the result of this whine of M. Ollivier addressed by way of the back stairs to the "Man of Blood and Iron"? Just a year after Ollivier's visit to Lord Lyons, France, after a shattering series of defeats, was driven to make peace on terms deeply humiliating to a proud people. She had to cede two rich provinces and to pay a "war fine" of £200,000,000 to her stern conquerors. Instead of taxes being remitted, as M. Ollivier had fondly hoped, the taxation of the French people stood, soon after the war, three times as high as it had done before the war.

I have gone point by point through the events which preceded the disasters of 1870 in France, and I have shown the close analogy between them and recent happenings in our own dear land. In each case war

gives a warning: those responsible for the defence of the country initiate enquiries into the events of the war; in both cases it is shown that reserves are as necessary to an army as "air to a man's lungs"; in both cases the great superiority of universal service is pointed out—especially in the matter of furnishing adequate reserves; in both cases fear of the voters and a want of resolution is shown by the rulers of the countries concerned; in both cases an attempt is made to cover up defects by optimism and bombast.

Here, I am glad to say, the analogy ends. We have not yet suffered disaster, and what I particularly wish to point out is that there is no need why we should do so. The pathos of our present situation is that so little remains to be done in order to complete

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our arrangements. All that is now needed is to establish a system of compulsory training for, and compulsory enrolment in, the Territorial Force, and the problem of national defence will be solved.

In conclusion, I wish to add a word to those who say that we shall not get compulsory service till after the next war, that the people will never stand it, and so on. I claim to know something of my countrymen. I have had the honor of serving with our soldiers in India, Afghanistan, and South Africa, and to say of the race from which those soldiers came that it will not give you universal military training for Home Defence—*when its leaders explain the need for such a system*—is, in my opinion nothing less than gross calumny.

Roberts.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

"And what would you suggest we should do to-day?" asked Octavia at breakfast on Monday. Sunday had been a day of rain; Monday brought a blue sky and sailing clouds.

"Well," I said, "I must go up to London."

"Wrong," said Octavia. "Guess again."

Peggy chuckled; the boys gazed at Octavia, then at me. When Octavia rests her elbows on the table and her chin on her hands, and regards the world impassively, it is best to fall in with her plans at once. I have noticed this at Robert's breakfast-table; Robert, I think, has not.

"The reason why I must go up to London," I said, "is that there is a book of two volumes and eight hundred pages which must have a full review by to-morrow morning, and——"

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"And it will do perfectly well if it gets it by the day after, or next week," remarked Octavia. "Besides, you can sit up all night."

"Another reason why I must go up to London," I said, "is that Monday happens to be one of my nights at the *Quadrant* office."

"Plenty of time for that," observed Octavia. "You can catch the five train which gets you up before eight—at least, I think it's before eight. It stops at every station, I know. You'll just be able to get dinner and go on to the office."

"But then all day——"

"All day you're coming with us. We shall be starting," said Octavia, glancing at the clock, "at a quarter to ten." It was now a quarter to nine.

"Then that's settled," I said.

"And you'll please be punctual," concluded Octavia.

"Would you mind telling me," I asked, "where we're going?"

"There will be five of us," said Octavia.

Allen rapidly counted those who sat at breakfast. "Are we us?" he asked.

"Are we going somewhere all day?" Murray had for some time forgotten that he sat at breakfast at all.

"Are we going about a hundred miles?" asked Allen.

"Just about a hundred," said Octavia.

When you have planned a day of work which begins by travelling up to London, it is discomfiting to be informed that you are to do no work, and are to travel a hundred miles in another direction. Peggy, five minutes ago a serious hostess behind her coffee-service, jumped in her chair and clapped her hands, a child with shining eyes.

"Are you going a hundred miles too?" I asked her. And she nodded, shaking her brown hair. A child with a secret does not speak.

"Fifty miles there and fifty back—just about," said Octavia.

"If you don't say what it means, I simply don't know what I shall do in a minute," exclaimed Murray, and as from the position of his elbow and his tea-cup it was only too obvious what he would do in a minute, Octavia intervened.

"What Peggy and I were thinking of doing," she said, "was going over to Coombe Mering to lunch."

"Coombe Mering?" asked Murray.

"I haven't ever heard of Coombe Mering; I shouldn't think it's a place," observed Allen.

"Well, it's a place with a cricket ground and a football ground, and a swimming-bath, and a rifle range, and a gymnasium, and a lovely garden," said Octavia, including in her list everything except the schoolroom, "and you can see the sea from the bedroom windows."

"Then it's lodgings," exclaimed Allen.

"No, it isn't. It's—Oh, I know what it is. I do know what it is."

Murray gazed anxiously at Peggy, and Peggy nodded, smiling. He saw that something more was coming.

"May I put in a word?" I asked. "In the first place, I've arranged to go and see over—to go down to Coombe Mering next Saturday."

"Yes, I know," assented Octavia, with exasperating calm. "But I can't come with you on Saturday, you see."

"Oh, I'm certain I know what it is," said Murray.

"And in the second place," I observed, "you evidently don't know where Coombe Mering is."

"I've been there twice," said Octavia.

"But it's in the next county. There's no branch line. You'll have to go up to London and down again."

"We're not going by rail."

"But it's miles and miles."

"Fifty—just about," said Octavia.

"Oh, well," I said, "everything you say and do this morning is all of a piece. You're evidently going to walk."

"The well-appointed, six-cylindere, twenty horse-power Brenault will be at the door at half-past nine," said Octavia. "Peggy and I ordered it on Saturday from Warbridge."

"A motor car? We're going to go out all day long in a motor car?" Murray stood up very suddenly, without observing the position of his tea-cup.

"Well, nearly all day." Octavia also rose hurriedly. "So long as the milk it doesn't matter," she remarked. "Allen's cup, fortunately, was empty."

"But—but—"

"Now another duster, please. A spoon first, perhaps," suggested Octavia.

"But it's—it's Monday, and Miss

Lovejoy—Miss Lovejoy will be here at ten."

"The motor car," said Octavia, "will be here at a quarter to. And I think if you ask Peggy you will find that she, being a discerning person, has suggested to Miss Lovejoy that she need not take the trouble to leave her happy home this morning."

A sudden thought, overwhelming in its possibilities, occupied the whole of Murray's being.

"You—you're not going to send us to school to-day? Not altogether? Not away from Peggy?"

"School?" echoed Allen, aghast.

"School to-day?" echoed Octavia in turn. "Dear me! What a remarkable notion. Of course you're not going to school to-day. You're going to be back here by tea-time, and Murray is going to help the chauffeur drive there, and Allen is going to help him drive back. Unless, of course, they would rather stay at home and—well, do a few copies for Miss Lovejoy, perhaps, or—"

"I don't want to stay at home," said Murray doubtfully; "only I thought—you see I knew—" he glanced at Allen—"Well, I'd better not say."

"If we're going to be back at tea-time, we simply can't be going to school, so there!" exclaimed Allen. "Can I sit by the driver and put my arm out when we go round corners, like that?" He swept generously in front of him.

"Not quite like that, because you won't have a jug at your elbow," suggested Octavia. "Peggy, dear, do you think we had really better ring for any more milk?"

"Oh, dear! I never did know them to be so dreadful as they have been this morning," sighed Peggy, as the two boys silently contemplated the dusters and the table-cloth.

When the motor car arrived the question in which direction it should

run ceased to receive serious consideration. The main point was that it should run somewhere, and should start at once. Its horn was sounded, to warn all travellers who might be within earshot, since none were in sight; it was sounded not once only. At twenty minutes to ten it was sounded if possible more loudly and frequently than before, and the long car slid forward down the drive. For a few minutes before we ran clear of the village, Allen's delight in the deep and sudden drone ready to his hand was a little unnecessarily obvious; then the spell of speed fell upon the two boys, and they sat silent and still as the car ran through the June sunshine.

Coombe Mering fifty years ago was a tiny fishing-village, with a single street running down to the chalk and shingle of the beach. Then one day it occurred to a schoolmaster of foresight that if he built a house on the edge of the downs he could level a cricket ground of what size he pleased, he could get a southern slope for his kitchen garden, sea air and sunlight for his boys, and freedom from the illnesses of his neighbors; so the pickaxe cut into the virgin chalk, and a red-brick building rose above the whitewash and thatch of the village cottages, a new mark for the fishermen miles out at sea. But the village itself, except that it added a shop or two, had changed little since the school was built, and as the car crossed the top of the little street on its way to the school gates there came on the wind a sudden knowledge of its quiet and ancient industry—a scent mingled of drying nets, of sun on paint and tar, of lobster pots and steamy chalk and mignonette in the cottage gardens. But the blue sparkle of the sea itself was hidden by the wall of the cliff and the turn of the road; else I doubt whether the car would

have borne Allen up to the school front door.

It happened that as we stood on the stone steps of the porch there came from somewhere among the trees to the right the crackle of small rifles. I guessed at the range in Octavia's catalogue of the school's attractions. But the sound was new to the boys, and Murray, after listening with a puzzled face for a moment, asked what it was.

"Do you mean there's someone there firing guns like in a battle?"

Allen did not wait for an answer; his idea was to witness the battle without loss of time. A belt of lilacs blocked the way.

"*Al-lin!*" called Murray; what began as a whisper became a shout. And at that moment the door opened and we were welcomed by the mistress of the house.

"I heard your car drive up, and I thought I should like to open the door myself," she told us, and her voice brought a light into Peggy's eyes at once—the same light that Octavia could set there, of confidence after doubt. She was a tall, brown-eyed, fair-haired woman, with country color in her face, girlish with all her matronly bearing; she led by the hand a freckled child with yellow locks tumbled over her shoulders, and her eyes went very quickly from Octavia to Murray. There was nothing of art or pretence in that; but I do not think it had been borne in upon me so certainly before that a schoolmaster's wife may get him or lose him many pupils.

"But where is the other one?" she asked, and caught sight of Allen. He was trying to find the battle that was going on, I told her.

"The battle?" A crackle came from behind the lilacs. "The rifle range? But what a delightful person. Of course he shall find the battle. You

would like to see the rifle range too?" she asked Murray. "Then my little girl shall take you. Here, Jack, show them the way."

Jack, whose name once, we learned, was Joan, looked Murray over with swift appraisement. She saw many boys in a year. Allen, on the edge of the lawn, gazed at her with wide eyes, and it was plain, too, that she was accustomed to frank approval. The three of them disappeared down a garden-walk.

And until the motor car stood purring at the school front door at three o'clock in the afternoon, that was all that we saw of them. At dinner-time, when I had supposed that they would join us again, or would be packed off, perhaps, to a distant nursery, we found them seated at a table in the school hall, with Jack between them and boys all round them; Jack, it seemed, dined always with the boys—Una among sixty lions. During dinner, neither of her two guests ate less or talk less than others near them, and after lunch they disappeared again.

Octavia and Peggy and I were left to inspect the school buildings. Octavia, of course, had seen all that there was to be seen; Peggy I am sure had no idea how much there was to see. Her notions of what a boys' school might be had been borrowed, I fancy, from the school stories of a generation ago; her head was full of the oddest notions, of stern, black-gowned masters, of bullying and fagging, of barricaded dormitories and midnight escapades—the strangest medley of hardship and adventure. The school as she saw it was something she had never guessed. The fresh-faced, gray-haired matron was an astonishment to her; the idea of a schoolmaster's wife looking after sixty boys with an individual knowledge of each was a revelation. She walked down the long, airy passages, looking

in at the doors of the bedrooms with their white beds and white wash-stands; she stood in the airy, sunlit schoolrooms and was shown how the light fell on the desks, how the black-board could be swung to this or that position, how the wall maps were rolled and unrolled; she was taken to the big, cool gymnasium, where half a dozen boys were put through their paces by the school drill-sergeant. He, too, was a new being in her mind. The winding of the great school clock which told the time from the tower to the cricket ground was explained to her; so was the working of the engine of the electric plant which lit the building from the tower to the kitchen. The kitchen itself, where the cook noticed her quick glances at the table and dresser and smiled at her, fascinated her for long; she almost gasped with pleasure at the drying-room with its ordered clothing and linen; she made a special mental note of that for Mrs. Drury, as she did of the shower bath and the warm towels in the bathroom. Out in the school grounds she passed from the racquet courts and fives courts to listen to the shouts and splashes of the swimming-bath; she walked from the swimming-bath to the rifle range, and from the rifle range over the newly mown cricket ground to the kitchen garden, where she came to the climax of her morning's experience in the shape of two large baskets of strawberries, which were being carried up to the school-house, not, as you might suppose, for the headmaster, his family and his guests, but for the boys of the school from the top to the bottom. That was the last of her discoveries, and it would come last, you guessed, as leaving further comment unnecessary, in her telling of the tale to Mrs. Drury.

With the crunch of the car on the gravel at three o'clock there came a

patter of rain from a cloudy sky, and the two boys were packed inside out of the wet. But inside was where they wished to be. They had much to tell.

"I can fire a rifle, and swim, and play cricket better than Jack, and I've got a garden, and I've been riding a horse, and——" Allen paused for breath.

"But where have you been?" I asked. "We haven't seen you since you went off to look at the rifle range."

"No," said Murray, "but you simply don't know what it's like. It's—well, Jack took us, you see, and we went simply everywhere."

"And I saw a boy lying down and shooting a bull, and I asked if I could shoot one, and the soldier said yes, and so I did."

"You didn't. You asked the sergeant, because that's what he is and not a soldier, and he said you might, and you shot another thing, not a bull at all."

"Well, you didn't shoot anything, anyhow. And when he said I might shoot one, I should think I did shoot one. So there."

"What about the cricket?" I asked.

"Jack showed us where they played. Out there——" Murray waved at the receding vision of green sward. "We've never played cricket ourselves, you see, and the boys don't actually play till to-morrow, so she couldn't show us all about it."

"But we did play. She got a ball and bowled it at me, and I hit it, and when I bowled it at her, she didn't hit it, so I must play better than her. She said so."

"But when you bowled it at her, she couldn't reach it, and that was why she didn't hit it. It was out of her reach."

"It flew out of my hand," explained Allen. "I do like Jack, you know," he added meditatively. "She isn't a bit—well, she's not like other girls, you know. She—well, her name even's

Jack, so that shows. And she gave me a garden."

"But she didn't, Allen. She said when you came to school you could have a garden. That's quite different."

"Coming to school," observed Allen. "That's not getting a garden. She said I could have one. It wasn't anything to do with going to school."

"Oh, dear!" said Murray, "you don't see."

"And I rode a horse," continued Allen vaguely but with triumph.

"Yes, you did ride a horse," admitted Murray. "But that wasn't anything, because you can ride a pony, and a horse isn't so different. Besides, you only rode it for a minute, after that other boy had come in with the groom."

"A minute, indeed! I rode it round to the stable; I shouldn't think that was a minute."

"And even that was because you wouldn't ride the pony. Jack asked him, you know, if he would like a ride on the pony, and he said yes, he'd like one on the horse. Just like when in the swimming-bath the sergeant asked him if he'd like to have a swim some day, and he began undressing. And it was almost a minute to lunch, and Jack was waiting outside. She'd been waiting ever so long."

"She wouldn't come in, you know. She simply wouldn't. And so we went in, and there were a lot of boys swimming, and the sergeant said——"

"He didn't. He said that anybody could; he didn't mean you can now. Because you can't."

"But I asked him. I saw a boy swimming, and he said anybody could swim. So I asked if I could, and he said yes, of course, so I should think I could, easily."

"But he meant if you learnt. He meant if he taught you. He meant if you came to school—to that place where the swimming-bath is."

"That place where the swimming-bath is? I shouldn't call that going to school," observed Allen. "I shouldn't think that place was a school at all."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The sun shone down on the Mound as it shines, surely, on no other slope of seats on any English cricket ground. The Harrow innings ended with a stump sent spinning, and it was a relief to walk out from the heated brick and stone over the level grass. I crossed the ground to look for an Oxford friend whom I thought I should find on one of the coaches near the Pavilion, and stood undecided among the sauntering crowd. Then I heard my name spoken close at hand.

"You're the very person I was looking for," said Dacia. "Help me down, please."

"Allow me," urged a voice behind her.

"Thank you very much," said Dacia, without visible gratitude.

He who had offered assistance decided, apparently, to resume his seat on the coach. He was a pale youth with an admirable hat and collar.

"Well," said Dacia, "you have been a long time coming. I was wondering how I was going to escape."

"It was difficult to guess exactly where you were sitting," I suggested. "I thought you were down at Parson's Hanger."

"You might have known," said Dacia. "I've almost been crying on that coach. That boy! If you only knew the morning I've spent. Of course it's all my fault, I know. That's the worst of it. But oh, dear! you can't think how relieved I was when you came and stood near, so that I didn't have to shout."

"But I don't understand. Who is it you're escaping from? I thought your brother——"

"It isn't Roderick this time. That's

the worst of it again. Roderick knows I'm here—at least, I mean he knows I'm up in London, only he thinks I'm with different people, and he's going to go to tea with them, and then I shan't be there, and I really don't know how to explain to him. Oh, dear! I do really have the wretchedest luck," sighed Dacia.

"Then it's all arranged, your being in London this time? You haven't run away?"

"No. At least it was all arranged. It isn't now. You know, I really believe I'm the most unlucky girl I know. It always happens to me like this, and never to any of the others. I'm feeling perfectly miserable."

"You're not looking perfectly miserable."

"No, I know. One must keep up appearances, of course. But did you ever hear of anything so unfortunate?"

"I haven't heard of anything at all yet."

"No? Well, it was this way, you see. There's an old aunt of ours who lives in Cromwell Road—right at the very end, so you can imagine how far it is to get to places, so I don't very often go there, but she's always asking me—well, Roderick thought if I went to stay with her I might meet some people he thought I'd better meet, so I went. That was last Tuesday. And I did meet them, and they—well, it was a sort of fresh arrangement," explained Dacia rather hurriedly, "and they asked me to a dance, which was last night, and then I was to come with them here to-day. And now—Oh, I say, do take care. That's where their coach is. We must go the other way."

"But if they asked you to go with them——"

"But they didn't—I mean, they did at first, of course, and then—well, that was how it happened, you see."

"I see."

"Well, I mean, if it had been anybody else it wouldn't have mattered, of course. But they—the people who asked me to the dance—well, she's the mother of—of a man I used to know, and I suppose she thought when she had asked me to the dance it was all made up again between us, because once about a year ago she said she hoped she would never see me again, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. And then—well, there was another man at the dance, and I didn't think, and I danced with him too much, I suppose—he really took most of them instead of my giving them, you see, so I could hardly help it, and then Mrs. Forbes didn't say anything till I was just going, and then she spoke just like she did last year, and said that in the circumstances, and as I had again shown myself in my true colors, she had decided to abandon her intention of taking quite such a large party to Lord's to-morrow. So of course I knew what that meant at once."

"And what did you say?"

"I just said I thought that when she knew the facts of the case she would regret having judged me with such extreme and undeserved harshness," said Dacia. "I had to say something, hadn't I? But of course it was no good. And there I've been sitting all day with that Morton boy and his mother and sisters until I really nearly screamed."

"But how did you get there to begin with?"

"How could I help it? You see, I was so dreadfully upset at being told by Mrs. Forbes not to come that I didn't think what I was doing, and that Morton boy happened to be passing just as she was saying about not being able to take a party, and so a minute afterwards in the hall he asked me if I wouldn't come with his mother, and I had to go to Lord's, of

course, so I said yes without thinking. Of course what I ought to have done was to go away and send a message to somebody in the morning. But I just didn't think, and there it was. And oh, my dear! that woman! And that boy and that lunch! You can't think what it was."

"But then why didn't you tell him to take you round instead of sitting there?"

"But, my dear, he's like a postage-stamp. I never met such a boy. He sticks to you as if he was pinned on to your skirt. I tried to lose him in the crowd, but it wasn't a little atom of good. You see, he simply runs about after me always as it is, and when I said I'd go on his coach he could hardly believe his ears. I got caught by him at the dance, you know, just as I was getting a programme, so I couldn't help giving him a dance. Of course I had to cut it, but that only shows you, doesn't it?"

"It's as plain as possible."

"Yes. Well, I mean, you can't take people like that seriously, can you? And then at lunch to-day! You should have seen me. There I was—well, you see this dress?"

"It's—it's—"

"I know. Well, just imagine. First that woman told me to come and sit next to her—told me to just as if I was a child at school. My dear, I was so angry! She not only told me to come and sit next her, but she had on a mauve dress—to match her complexion, I should think. And would you believe it? The moment I'd sat down, if that eldest Morton girl didn't come and sit the other side of me, and she was in pink—you never saw such pink. It's not so pink as she is, of course, but—well, there it was, and I had to sit between the two of them. The only thing I could think of was that it would have been worse if it had been to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow I shall be Harrow, you see. To-day I'm Eton, because——" She broke off and faced me with wide-eyed dismay. "I say. I never thought of that."

"Is there something else, then?"

"But—but I shan't be here to-morrow. I can't be. How can I be?"

"If you would let me——"

"But you don't understand. It's Roderick. If he comes and finds I'm not here—I mean not with the Forbeses—of course he'll want to know the reason, and goodness knows what they'll tell him, and he'll be simply furious. And I was thinking as it was what I could say about this dress to-day and the other one to-morrow, only that wouldn't have mattered quite so much if it hadn't been for last night, only now I—I shan't even be able to wear the other, and I know the bill went to him, and he said before I couldn't have anything, and last year's things would do, and of course they wouldn't, you know. Oh dear! It is most unlucky not being able to get things when you must have them."

"But you seem to have got them."

"Yes, I know. But now I shan't be able to wear the other one, and—and I'd ordered them weeks ago, and I'd even come up one day to try them on, when Roderick was away, and now—of course he'll make me go straight home, this evening I shouldn't wonder. And oh, dear! I'd forgotten that, too. They were going to the theatre to-night, and I know they meant me to come, and it was the very one thing I wanted to see, and I'd got a new dress I particularly did want to—Did you ever know anything so unfortunate? And even that isn't the worst part."

"Good heavens!" I said. "It's like a plague of Egypt."

"That's just what it is like," nodded

Dacia. "And just as undeserved. What are you to do when things happen like that?"

"Like what, then?"

"Why, the yacht, of course. That's the worst of all. It's one of those things you simply couldn't guess would happen. You see, I really didn't quite know what to do about the things I'd ordered, because it couldn't help looking rather frightful, added up in a bill; and then when Mrs. Forbes asked me to come and see her again there were the Jenkinsons there—he's her son-in-law, you see, and he's a ship-builder or something; anyhow, he's got tons of money—and they were settling about a yacht party. And when they asked me to come, you see, I suddenly thought of course that was the way to get round Roderick, because he's mad on yachting only he can't afford it, so I said no, I couldn't come because there would be nobody to look after Roderick, though of course I should be miserable if I couldn't accept their kind invitation, and then they said what I thought they would, which was wouldn't Roderick come too? And I said yes at once, and like a little fool I wrote and told Roderick, and he was delighted, of course, because he'd not only be yachting for six weeks, but I should be out of harm's way—well, that's what Maud Jenkinson was thinking too, really, of course, because—well, I told you about that. And then, you see, Roderick wrote and said in the circumstances and as there wouldn't be all the expenses he thought there would be at Parson's Hanger, I might talk to him if I wanted anything special for the yacht. And now, of course, Maud Jenkinson—I believe it was she who went spying about last night, and I always did say she was a cat—she'll get out of her invitation somehow, and I shan't have got Roderick his yachting after

all, and I shall have to go home again, and then there are those dreadful bills waiting, and I can't even wear the things, and—and it's simply too cruel of you to make me think about it all like this."

A bell clanged, and the ring of policemen clearing the ground became mildly vociferous.

"We must get back to our places," I suggested, and became aware that the immediate foreground was blotted out by Dacia's parasol.

"Whatever shall I do?" gasped Dacia. "There's Roderick coming straight at us. Can't we—can't I—"

"You can't come back this way, miss," observed a rotund policeman.

"He's seen us, anyhow," I told her.

Dacia's parasol resumed a normal position. She advanced with an outstretched hand. All clouds had vanished from a world of blue skies and sunshine.

"There you are!" she exclaimed. "I thought we should never find you."

Roderick, whatever he had heard of the misadventures of the night before, or had seen of dressmakers' bills upon his breakfast table, did not appear to be overwhelmed with a sense of catastrophe. I had met him once before at Parson's Hanger, and had been struck by the ill-humor lurking in his dark eyes and by the combativeness of a thrusting chin. Here he stood before us, with nothing of annoyance in his looks, openly admiring his sister dressed as he seldom saw her.

"By Jove!" he said, with a laugh. "Is that the meaning of that little envelope I found waiting for me this morning?"

Dacia smiled serenely. "You had a good time at Sandown?"

"I did for once in a way. Better than for some time. Fact is, I'm rather pleased with myself. And six weeks on the *Speranza* to top up with—I say, Dacia, you do know how to

get what you want out of people, I will say. I really am most awfully obliged to you. Isn't it ripping—what?"

"Ye-es," assented Dacia without undue enthusiasm. "How much did Harrow make, after all?"

"You can see on the card; I'm not sure to a run. I say, where is Mrs. Forbes? I've been looking for her, but couldn't find her. I suppose you've been with her all the morning?"

"Not all the morning," said Dacia, rather hurriedly. "Who are the two going in first for Eton?"

"Don't know; you'll be able to see on the card. Are the Jenkinsons with Mrs. Forbes? I don't think I've met Jenkinson, but Maud Forbes used to be rather a pal of mine. You must introduce me."

"Of course," said Dacia. "There's a boy selling cards. Will you buy me one, please? Thank you." She turned to me as Roderick strode across to the raucous vendor of correct cards. "For goodness' sake, take him away with you or something. I can't think what he's done at Sandown; he must have won I don't know what, for I've never seen him like this. And I know he's had the bill. And that makes it all the worse, because how am I to explain about the yachting? I simply can't bear it," lamented Dacia.

Roderick was back at her side. "Here's your card. And now let's go back to Mrs. Forbes, wherever she is. Which way is it?"

"This way, I think," said I, setting out in a direction which looked promisingly empty. Dacia was apparently absorbed in her card.

"It can't be that way," objected Roderick. "It's nothing but stands that way. Here, Dacia knows; she's been there all the morning."

"It's—it's over there, I think," said Dacia, vaguely. "One gets so confused in the crowd, and everything

looking so much alike, doesn't one? No, I think it must be there." She indicated the greater part of the far side of the ground.

Just at that moment, scanning the surroundings for a possible loophole of escape, I caught sight of a familiar and comforting grin. Mr. Poltonbar emerged from a stream of passers-by and made his way up to Dacia.

"Mornin', Miss Grey. I've been looking for you—sent to find you by Mrs. Forbes. She's been askin' everybody if they've seen you, and at last she decided to choose a really competent and trustworthy family adviser to look for you, so I stood forward at once."

Dacia's parasol prevented me from seeing how she received the surprising information. Roderick's attention was attracted for a moment by a shout which proclaimed the fall of the first Eton wicket, and I heard Mr. Poltonbar add a question in a lower tone.

"She's been almost weepin' about you. We all thought you'd be there as soon as the proceedin's opened. There's nothin' wrong, is there?"

"Take my brother with you, will you, Polly?" said Dacia a little unsteadily.

Mr. Poltonbar beamed upon Roderick. Dacia turned to me as they strolled away.

"I'm really feeling quite giddy," she said.

When we came in sight of the coach she clutched my arm. Mrs. Forbes, anxious and preoccupied, was talking with a tall, sunburnt stranger who gravely raised his hat as Dacia drew near.

"I'm feeling giddier than ever," she told me. "That's actually the man I was telling you I danced with."

We joined the group. Mrs. Forbes's party seemed to be taking little interest in the cricket. Roderick was introduced to Mr. Jenkinson, and his good humor became, if possible, more ap-

parent; Dacia was surrounded at once; Mrs. Forbes alone was ill at ease. It was plain that she was waiting for her opportunity, and as the tea arrived she managed to get it. Dacia gave me her account later in the afternoon.

"It was Captain Hornby did it all. He really is a dear. He heard how cruel Mrs. Forbes had been—well, I mean, what happened was that she told him when he came up to ask where I was—and then what do you think he did? Why, he just told Mrs. Forbes that she must be careful how she jumped to conclusions, because he was Tom's brother officer, and I'd insisted on dancing with him all the evening because he was the only man in the room who could tell me anything about him, and we'd been talking about him all the evening. So of course Mrs. Forbes saw what a terrible mistake she'd made, and she was simply in such a state as you never saw, trying

to get me back to her coach before Roderick came. And so there it was, you see. But did you ever hear of a man with such a bright inspiration? I told him he was a perfect brick, and that I'd no idea men could fib like that—I mean, make explanations of that kind."

"And so Mrs. Forbes forgave you?"

"Forgave me? My dear, she went down on her knees and begged my pardon most humbly and sincerely, and she said she had always known how steadfast my nature was even though sometimes appearances had been against me, and she told me that all the morning she had been thinking how right I was in what I told her."

"And what was that?"

"Why, that I was sure that when she knew the facts of the case she would regret having judged me with such extreme and undeserved harshness," said Dacia.

(To be continued.)

Eric Parker

CLUBLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Mr. Chesterton, in an essay on the institution of the family, bases his humorous and convincing arguments in its defence on the vigorous character of the small community as compared with the large. The individual, he says, who cannot choose his own companions, and must associate, as in a family, with fellow-creatures as to whose characteristics he was not consulted, lives in a far wider world than the man who dwells in a large community and seeks only the society of kindred spirits. The one makes acquaintance with the palpitating facts of life, learning a large-hearted tolerance among the fierce varieties and unpromising divergencies of his fellows; the other leaves the bracing contact of

all sorts and conditions of men, to guard his sensitive spirit from the realities of life, and to foster mental laziness and spiritual atrophy in the smothering society of sympathizers.

He illustrates his point by a comparison of the modern club with the institution in the early days of its development, summing up his conclusions thus:

When London was smaller, and the parts of London were more self-contained and parochial, the club was valued as a place where a man could be sociable. Now the club is valued as a place where a man can be unsociable. The more the enlargement and elaboration of our civilization goes on, the more the club ceases to be a place where a man can have a noisy

argument, and becomes a place where a man can have what is somewhat fantastically called a quiet chop. Its aim is to make a man comfortable, and to make a man comfortable is to make him the opposite of sociable. Sociability, like all good things, is full of discomforts, dangers, and renunciations. The club tends to produce the most degraded of all combinations—the luxurious anchorite, the man who combines the self-indulgence of Lucullus with the insane loneliness of St. Simon Stylites.

The club, indeed, has fallen from the proud position it held when Dr. Johnson, the keenest of conversationalists, crushed the unfortunate Boswell's attack on its life with "Sir, the great chair of a full and pleasant town club is perhaps the throne of human felicity." The club is now no longer the haunt of talk and talkers. It has become a mere luxurious convenience; a useful refuge from domesticity, where a man can relapse into a selfish seclusion; where his body and mind alike have no need for exertion, and complete physical and mental indolence can be attained with no personal discomfort beyond a yearly subscription. The eternal afternoon of the lotus-eaters who dwell there is strictly guarded from the intrusion of any disturbing influence upon its placid, reposeful atmosphere. No member of the desecrating opposite sex, no masculine stranger even, may share the same room with its regular habitués. And if a club does not make a virtue of this unnatural fastidiousness, it prides itself upon an unparalleled lavishness of luxury, so that the possession either of a select exclusiveness, or of a sumptuous swimming-bath, is deemed a greater assurance of popularity than a reputation for wit among its membership. Conversational brilliance is indeed reckoned as an offence against the habitual reserve which is the Englishman's standard of good

taste, and it is strange for a modern wanderer in St. James's, contemplating the palatial club buildings of the present day, and catching an occasional glimpse of solitary reading or eating figures, to compare modern club life with an imaginary picture of clubland two hundred years ago, when the coffee-house, the original of the modern club, at the zenith of its popularity, created the taste of an age and swayed the ideas of an epoch; when the simple rooms which did duty for dining, smoking, reading, and lounging in one, were full of a crowd of keen, witty, and intelligent talkers, discussing business, politics, dress or art with equal zest and interest. For it was as a social institution, the centre of the most polished and brilliant society London has ever known, that the coffee-house came into vogue. It was practically called into being by the complete reorganization of the social system at the time of the Restoration.

After the turmoil of the Civil War society was born anew. For the first time the Town became the exclusive centre of the worlds of society and politics and art. The age had begun which "held all beyond Hyde Park a desert," and summarily dismissed existence outside London as "supinely calm and dully innocent"; the age which understood the country only as the background of a Pastoral; a place peopled by nymphs and conscious swains, where Phylomel poured her throat in the spring, and the only other society was that of the fleecy care, the feathered choir, and the finny prey. To the men of this age the fullness and excitement of the Town were the very breath of life. Pepys is a typical example of the new society: a bourgeois, materialistic, worthy citizen, loving the company of his fellows, and full of a passionate human curiosity—a man who would inevitably require some social institution where he could

pass several hours every day; where he could meet good company, enjoy conversation, discuss the latest plays and "rogueish French books," and join in delicious whispered scandals about his acquaintance. For, after the upheaval and unrest of the Civil War, man wanted again to become a social animal, to have some common centre for the interests of his daily leisure hours. The Court had finally ceased to be in touch with the masses of the people, and the new institution which developed so rapidly reflects the new order of things in the social world. The rise of the Coffee-House, and its development into the modern club, corresponds with the rise of the great Middle Class, and its development into the most powerful portion of the community.

The first coffee-house was opened as early as 1650, in Oxford. "In this year," Anthony à Wood tells us, "Jacob, a Jew, opened a coffee-house at the Angel, in the parish of St. Peter in the East, Oxon: and there it was by some, who delighted in novelty, drank." The fashion soon spread, and many houses were opened in the next few years, and much patronized by those undergraduates of the University who "esteemed themselves wits." Wood condemns the introduction of these new-fangled resorts as forming a parasite upon the tree of knowledge. "They have created," he complains, "a way of bantering among certain bachelors and masters, and the uttering fluently of romantic nonsense, unintelligible gibberish, and flourishing lies." Again and again he declares that they have ruined the sober tone proper to the place of learning.

Now the aim of scholars is not to live as students ought to do, *viz*: temperate, abstemious, plain and grave, but to keep dogs and horses, to swash it in apparel, to wear long peri-wigs etc. One that discourseth in company scholar-like, by quoting the

Fathers, or producing an ancient verse from the poets suitable to his discourse, is accounted pedantical and pedagogical. Nothing but news is discoursed of at the coffee-houses.

Sir Roger North testifies to the same at Cambridge.

It is become a custom after chapel to repair to one or other of the coffee-houses where hours are spent in talking and less profitable reading of newspapers. And the scholars are so greedy after news (which is none of their business) that they neglect all for it. Thus is a vast loss of time grown out of a pure novelty, for who can apply close to a subject with his head full of a coffee-house din?

But the craze passed quickly, in the way of all fashions, from the period of delicious novelty to that of the unromantically usual, and by 1661 we find in the stern Wood's accounts "For coffee at Francis Reynolds, 2d."

In London, as early as 1659, the Rota Club, a "free and open society of gentlemen" led by Harrington, met nightly at the Turk's Head, in New Palace Yard, Westminster, drank coffee, and "debated so wittily that the arguments in Parliament House were but flat to their ingenious discourse," and no doubt there were many similar houses, political in character, and openly discussing and criticising affairs of State, for in December 1675 Charles the Second issued the following proclamation in the *London Gazette*:

Whereas it is most apparent that the multitude of coffee-houses of late years set up and kept within this kingdom, and the great resort of idle and disaffected persons to them, have produced very evil and dangerous effects, for that in such houses, and by occasion of the meeting of such persons therein, divers false, malicious and scandalous reports are devised and spread abroad, to the defamation of his Majesty's government, and to the disturbance of the peace and quiet of the realm; his Majesty has thought

it fit and necessary that the said coffee-houses for the future be put down and suppressed.

It is characteristic of the new age, however, that the voice of the Town prevailed against that of the Court, and by 1700 there were three thousand coffee-houses in London.

All were on much the same plan, and we get a very good idea of their interior arrangement from contemporary prints. Simply a large room with several tables for reading and writing; a big fire, with tea and coffee always hot upon the hob; waiters and small boys running about serving "dishes" and pipes, and a bar, behind which stood the fair hostess, "the loadstone that attracts men of steel." It was a cheery, sociable place, open all day, and we can see from the following doggerel verses, published in the early days of the fashion, that the proprietors did their best to encourage an atmosphere of good fellowship and general moderation. After "a brief description of the excellent virtues of that sober and wholesome drink called coffee, and its incomparable effects in preventing and curing most diseases incident to humane bodies," the author concludes with "The Rules and Orders of the Coffee House":

Enter, sirs, freely, but first, if you please,
Peruse our civil orders, which are these—
First, gentry, tradesmen, all are welcome hither
And may, without affront, sit down together.
Pre-eminence of place none here should mind,
But take the next fit seat that he can find.
Nor need any, if finer persons come,
Rise up for to assign to them his room.
To limit men's expense we think not fair,
But let him forfeit twelve pence that shall swear:

He that shall any quarrel here begin
Shall give each man a dish to atone the sin.

Let noise of loud disputes be quite forborne.

No maudlin lovers here in corners mourn.

And touch not Scripture nor saucily wrong

Affairs of State with an irreverent tongue.

To keep the house more quiet and from blame

We banish hence cards, dice and every game,

Nor can allow of wagers, that exceed Five shillings, which oft times much trouble breed.

Let all that's lost or forfeited be spent In such good liquor as the house doth vent.

And customers endeavor to their powers,

For to observe still seasonable hours. Lastly, let each man what he calls for pay,

And so you're welcome to come every day.

Though it is doubtful if these rules were very strictly kept, as a general result the *clientèle* of the coffee-house was far more refined than that of a tavern, yet far more varied than that of the modern club, and the representative character of the new resort soon made it recognized universally as the centre of social life, so that a stranger would inquire, not where a man lived, but which coffee-house he frequented.

Of course the coffee-house still had its enemies. The satirist Ward found it a fit subject for his bitter pen, and describes it in his usual coarse, vivid way:

"Come," said my friend, "let us step into this coffee-house here, as you are a stranger in the town, it will afford you some diversion." Accordingly in we went, where a parcel of meddling muck-worms were as busy as so many rats in an old cheese loft; some going, some coming, some scribbling, some

drinking, some smoking, some jangling, and the whole room stinking of tobacco, like a Dutch scout, or a boat-swain's cabin. The walls being hung with gilt frames, as a farrier's shop with horseshoes, which contained abundance of rarities, viz. nectar and ambrosia, maydew, golden elixirs, popular pills, liquid snuff, beautifying waters, dentifrices, drops, lozenges, all as infallible as the Pope.

But the opinion of the general public must have been more nearly expressed by the Frenchman Misson:

These houses are very numerous in London, and are extremely convenient. You have all manner of news there; you have a good fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; you have a dish of coffee, you meet your friends for the transaction of business, and all for a penny if you don't care to spend more.

The usual charges were twopence for a dish of coffee, three-halfpence for green tea, and a penny for a pipe; while for amusement there was gossip and the newspapers, and for company the whole town. Everyone, from a Bishop to a highwayman, frequented a coffee-house, and we find communities meeting as different in character as the Savile Club and the Stock Exchange. In fact, every rank and profession, and every shade of political feeling, had its particular headquarters.

The chief business houses were Jonathan's, in Exchange Alley, the resort of stock jobbers; Garraway's, famous for its auctions of tea; and Lloyd's, then in Lombard Street, the centre for shipping news. That this news was not always very reliable we can see from a specimen in *The Daily Courant* of the 4th of August, 1704:

Yesterday morning a letter was sent by the penny post to Mr. Edward Lloyd, coffee man, in Lombard Street, which letter told him that the French had taken the island of St. Helena, and fifteen East Indian ships.

A close and circumstantial account of the engagement follows, on which the editor naively comments:

'Tis very probable this letter is a forgery, but as we cannot possibly determine whether it be or not, and the story having made a great noise in town, we find ourselves obliged to give an account of it.

Many coffee-houses were purely political in character, and existed only for the particular party which their frequenters supported. "A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa Tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the St. James's." Ozinda's was in St. James's Street, and has disappeared; but the other great Tory houses—White's and the Cocoa Tree—still exist as clubs. The Cocoa Tree was originally in Pall Mall, and White's was first opened on the west side of St. James's Street. Besides being the resort of politicians, it was also a centre of fashion, and sold tickets for the society amusements of the day, so that Steele promised the readers of *The Tatler* that all accounts of "gallantry, pleasure and entertainment" should be written from White's Chocolate House. In 1733 it was burnt down (an event immortalized by Hogarth in plate vi. of *The Rake's Progress*), and was rebuilt in 1755 in its present position. These houses would be patronized by such men as Harley and Bolingbroke and their followers, politicians who were also leaders of fashion and thorough men of the world. There they would spend their leisure hours with their fellow wits and dandies, combining discussions on State policy or the conduct of the war with opinions on the latest *bons mots* from the theatre or the newest cut in waistcoats; meeting one day to whisper plots for the Stuart succession, and the next to argue the philosophy of the *Essay on Man*. The less aristocratic Tory society, as rep-

resented by the members of the October Club, "a set of above a hundred Parliament men who drink October beer at home and meet every evening to consult affairs, and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs," chose a humbler meeting-place, and resorted to the Bell Tavern, in King Street, Westminster.

The great Whig house was the St. James's, at the south-west end of St. James's Street, with a view down Pall Mall. *The Tatler's* foreign and domestic news came from there, and it was there that the Spectator, visiting the various coffee-houses to hear the political discussions on a report of the French King's death, went first, as the fountain head of his party politics.

I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for, in less than a quarter of an hour.

Swift was one of its most noted frequenters in his youth, and it was there, perhaps, soon after his arrival in London, that he earned the title of "the mad parson" by his eccentric behavior. After walking backwards and forwards for half an hour without speaking, he abruptly addressed a stranger from the country: "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "I thank God I remember a good deal of good weather in my time." "That is more than I can say," said Swift; "I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, or too wet or too dry." With which remark he walked out. It was here that Stella's letters were addressed.

Yet Presto will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he see little M.D.'s handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of the St. James's Coffee House, where Presto would never go, but for that purpose.

It is strange to hear Swift, the great conversationalist, the friend of politicians and writers, the pitiless dissector of men and manners, declaring that he only visits a coffee-house to fetch Stella's letters, but maybe for the moment he was feeling like Dick Steele, scribbling from the St. James's to his "dearest Prue": "Madam, 'tis the hardest thing in the world to be in love and yet attend business." The St. James's existed into the early years of the nineteenth century, when it was superseded in popularity as the great Whig centre by Brooks's Club.

Addison used to

give his little senate laws
And sit attentive to his own applause
at Button's, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where the famous Hon's head letter-box received contributions to *The Guardian* and *The Spectator*; but Will's, in Bow Street, was the wits' coffee-house, the great centre of literary fashion. There discussion raged round the ancients and moderns and the three unities. It had been Dryden's kingdom. Everyone knows how he reigned there, and how the ambition of every budding author was to be offered a pinch from his snuff-box. Pepys, in his *Diary* of the 3rd of February 1664, with his insatiable appetite for experiences, regrets never having been there, and resolves to frequent it in future.

In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee House there, where I never was before; where Dryden was, the poet I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be very good coming thither, for there I per-

celve is very witty and pleasant discourse.

Will's lived on Dryden's reputation for many years, but in the reign of Queen Anne its fame was beginning to decline, and Swift, a judge of good talk, writes:

The worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was at Will's Coffee House, where the wits used formerly to assemble.

Other houses are famous from the descriptions of them by contemporaries. Of these, I think the only one which still exists is the Thatched House Club. It was not originally a coffee-house but a tavern, and it was there that Swift constantly dined with the society of whose foundation he tells Stella in 1711:

The end of our club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in town will be worth talking of.

Later the Thatched House Club was the meeting-place of the famous Dilettante Society, which Horace Walpole so contemptuously refers to as "a club for which the nominal qualification is having been to Italy, and the real one, getting drunk." The original tavern stood on the site of the present Conservative Club in St. James's Street, and when that was built, in 1843, the Thatched House Club was moved a few doors further down. Since then, I think, both clubs have been extended and enlarged, so that they now adjoin each other.¹ Among houses which exist no longer, Nando's, in Fleet Street, is familiar to all lovers of old books as being next door to the shop of Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, and mentioned by him

¹ The existing premises of the Thatched House Club were in fact designed by the late Sir James Knowles.

in all his advertisements; while the Fountain, in the Strand, is memorable as being the rendezvous of that select society of wits and men of fashion, the famous Kit Cat Club. Squire's, in Fuller's Rents, Holborn, is historical from Addison's description of his visit there with Sir Roger.

He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle and *The Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humor that all the boys in the room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea till the Knight had got all his conveniences around him.

The Smyrna seems to have prided itself on its atmosphere of culture and elegance, which Steele laughs at kindly in *The Tatler*.

This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of Music, Poetry, and Politics, that they repair to the Smyrna Coffee House in Pall Mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff, and if any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience. N.B. The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney towards the window, to the round table over against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all last summer.

Another coffee-house immortalized by Steele was John Salter's, or Don Saltero's, as he christened it, in

Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. The host had originally been a servant of Sir Hans Sloane, and when he set up as barber and coffee man his master presented him with some curiosities from his museum. These formed the nucleus of a collection of rarities which made his house famous throughout London. In 1729 he published a catalogue of his possessions, and among many no doubt genuine curios there is record of some startling relics—40, The Queen of Sheba's Fan. 55, The Queen of Sheba's Milkmaid's Hat. 43, William the Conqueror's Flaming Sword. 242, Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday's Shirts. Steele gives a delightful whimsical account of the Don, "a sage of a thin and meagre countenance," of his many obviously spurious rarities, and of the vagaries of his violin playing.

If he would wholly give himself up to the string, instead of playing twenty beginnings of tunes, he might, before he dies, play Roger de Caubly quite out.

After his death the Don's possessions were sold, his whole collection only realizing 50*l*.

The rendezvous of all learned men was the Grecian, in Devereux Court, Temple (so named not from its reputation for classic lore but from the fact that it was owned by a Greek, called Constantine). It was naturally much frequented by lawyers, and was also the haunt of the scientific *élite* of the day, numbering Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloane, and Dr. Halley among its habitués. The idlers and fops, and men about town, resorted to Man's, in Charing Cross. Here might be seen all the fashionable young gallants displaying the perfection of their toilets. Ward visited it, and has left a good description of its interior.

We entered an old-fashioned room, where a gaudy crowd were walking

backwards and forwards with their hats in their hands, not daring to convert them to their proper use, lest it should put the foretops of their wigs in some disorder. The clashing of their snushbox lids in opening and shutting made more noise than their tongues; bows and cringes of the newest modes were here exchanged 'twixt friends with wonderful exactness, it being the finest academy for a painter to draw the sign of the salutation, in the whole universe.

Earlier in the day, before they had arrayed themselves in full dress and periwig, they came and flaunted in luxurious deshabbille; in rich and gorgeous colored "nightgowns" and caps, with embroidered silken slippers and scarves, a custom which earned them Steele's ridicule and contempt.

I do not know that I meet in any of my walks objects that move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as these young fellows, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and parti-colored gown, to be ensigns of dignity, for the vain things approach each other with an air, which shows they only regard one another for their vestments. . . . When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasure of their deshabbille with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business and good sense in their faces, and go to the Coffee House, either to transact affairs or enjoy conversation.

Here Steele sums up the secret of the great influence of the coffee-houses; they represented the social and intellectual interests of the plain average man. "It is very natural," he says, "for a man who is not turned for assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in the sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses." For the society of the coffee-house was purely masculine. This is the great-

est difference between the "classic" ages in England and in France; between the coffee-house, the English centre of ideas, and the French *salon*. Women played a very real part in the worlds of French art and thought, but in the England of Queen Anne's time they were entirely placed outside the intellectual sphere.

For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain.

Individually they were "nymphs," collectively "the fair," but "imperial man" decreed that "their natural imbecility of mind renders them incapable of enlargement," and a woman is as much out of place in a coffee-house as a child in Milton's Garden of Eden. It is to an entirely different world that Swift and Steele turn, with all the joy of contrast, in their delightful feminine correspondence.

But in the masculine world the coffee-house was supreme. In it the worlds of politics and speculation, of literature and ideas, of business and commerce, were brought into touch with the social life of all classes. It played the part of reviewer to the man of letters, it was the centre of discussion for politicians, of trade for business men, of gossip for the idler. It was the resort alike for the scholar and the tradesman, the statesman and the fop.

It was a common social centre, and its atmosphere fostered all the social virtues; good temper and good sense, politeness and tact, polish and civility were the basis of its ideal. Just as in Elizabethan times a man was expected to be able to read his part in a madrigal at sight, when the songs were handed round in the evening, so in the time of Queen Anne a man was expected to be able to acquit himself with passable distinction in the art of companionship, to polish mind against

mind in a healthy rivalry of intelligence.

It is undeniable [writes a pamphleteer answering an attack on the coffee-house world] that you have here the most civil and intelligent society: the frequenting of whose converse, and observing their discourses and deportment, cannot but improve our manners, enlarge our understanding, refine our language, teach us a general confidence and handsome mode of address, and brush off that *pudor subrusticus* (as I remember Tully somewhere calls it) that clownish kind of modesty frequently incident to the best natures, which renders them sheepish and ridiculous in company.

The coffee-house set a standard of ability which was within the reach of everyone, and below which no one would willingly fall, creating an ideal of good breeding which shunned as vulgar anything which threatened the safety of a united society, anything that savored of exaggeration or excess, or tended to exuberance in thought or feeling or action. It aimed at a moderate, reasoned, and discreet way of life, leaving extremes on the right hand and on the left, for neither pedantry nor a high idealism flourishes in such a glare of publicity.

The intellectual interests of the coffee-house naturally reached the level of emotion and intelligence which its average habitués possessed. As Shaftesbury says:

In mixed company and places where men are met promiscuously on account of diversion and affairs, 'tis a breach of the harmony of public conversation to take things in such a key as is above the common reach.

Their intellectual, like their social, ideal was built up of those qualities which give immediate pleasure to a public audience rather than to a private individual. Brilliance consisted in the clash of ideas and the conflict of argument, in epigrammatic anec-

dote and sparkling repartee. The ambition of all was the attainment of wit. "We polish one another," says Shaftesbury again, "and rub off our corners and rough sides in a sort of amiable collision"; and the coffee-house society was just the one to appreciate the discomforts of that polishing process, and to applaud the skill of the polisher. Satire is its great weapon. It was "forward to try the edge of ridicule against all opinions"; to apply the test of laughter to every idea before giving a judgment satisfying to the dictates of the noble principle of reason. But it is one of the hardest things in the world to keep laughter within proper bounds: it may so easily become that laughter which is the fear of being found by the world upon our knees; and a society which condemns all that will not bear ridicule will soon find itself sneering at things which are neither absurd nor insincere, but merely private. So in the age of the coffee-house we find an almost total lack of the intimate and personal note in writing. Its frequenters were the literary critics of the day, and a man does not take a delicate love lyric for discussion to the smoking-room of his Club. They preferred the appeal to the head above that to the heart, and Steele neatly summarizes their mental attitude when he says "their entertainments are derived rather from the reason than the imagination." The essay and the epigram were very satisfying to the coffee-house society. Their clarity and point gave it a feeling of mastery over the subject which filled it with a sense of its own understanding. The mock heroic, too, with its subtle parodies of the "ancients," and its satiric references to contemporary affectations and enthusiasms, afforded it an opportunity of intellectual appreciation and criticism which could not fail to flatter its self-

complacency. But gossip is the greatest delight of any civilized social community, just as warfare is of the uncivilized, and it was gossip above all things for which the coffee-house public craved—unkind gossip, of course, which is generally the most amusing and witty kind. Perhaps of all the brilliant social entertainers of that scandal-loving age, it loved best "the wicked wasp of Twickenham," the universal provider who set before his patrons such a rare feast of social satire, so deliciously seasoned with slander and spiced with malice. For nothing is so interesting to such an audience as themselves, and one can well understand how they delighted in Pope's cruel portraits of members of their own society, how they quoted to each other with keen enjoyment his brilliant couplet-cameos of their acquaintances, and banded about his clever condensed catchwords and platitudes to show their thorough appreciation of true elegance and culture.

This is the great weakness of the coffee-house. It knew it represented the intelligence and refinement of the age, and its point of view is tinged with that inevitable touch of superiority and self-satisfaction which marks the possessor of a monopoly in a desirable article. Yet, in spite of its limitations, there is something peculiarly vivid and fascinating about its world. It was genuinely alive, in spite of its shallow outlook and mediocre ideal. For a brief period England really possessed in it a centre of social life, which at the same time represented the most powerful influence of the age, and dominated the world of ideas no less than that of fashionable life. It is that artificial crowd in the coffee-houses—writers, politicians, wits, and dandies, disdaining simplicity and enthusiasm, adorning their bodies with paint and periwigs, paste and powder, and their

thoughts with polished wit and epigram, with apt allusions and careful contrasts—who represent everything that is vital in the age of Queen Anne; and the epitome of that age, the his-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

tory of its literature and its politics, of its manners and its morals, is the history of the London coffee-houses and their society, the history of the evolution of St. James's.

E. A. Drew.

A MUSE IN DANGER.

Clio, according to the best accounts, was, like her sisters, sprung from a proud parentage, being the daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne, and therefore the offspring of a union between the homely memory of mankind and the Heavenly Fire. She was also, if we are to believe the poets, the mother of Orpheus, so that song and witchery were among her gifts to the world. But nowadays this long-descended lady is in some danger of falling into straits unworthy of her ancestry. There are those among us who would make her only a schoolmarm, a humble drudge in the house of learning; and there are others who would paint her face and set her capering on a stage for the amusement of the groundlings. Let these few pages be the plea of a humble votary on behalf of a neglected goddess.

The most casual reader is aware, in turning over publishers' announcements and library lists, of a large literature which purports to be historical. There are memoirs of dead ladies who were more fair than virtuous, and of ancient lords whose actions do not blossom in the dust; of old courts and *oénacles* which have still a faint flavor of scandal; and of anybody and everybody who had unhappy love affairs. The diligent hacks who manufacture them have the style of haberdashers and about as much historical imagination as a bagman; but from the more obvious authorities they compile a sort of narrative, which, illustrated by bad half-tone plates, is

retailed to the public in two volumes at a guinea, or in a single volume at half that price, if the materials be scanty or the writer unskilled in padding. Mr. George Trevelyan, our poor Muse's latest and most loyal defender,¹ thus defines the stuff. "This is the type generically known as 'Criminal Queens of History,' spicy memoirs of dead courts and pseudo-biographical chatter about Napoleon and his family, how many eggs he ate, and how many miles he drove a day. And Lady Hamilton is a great stand-by." We are familiar enough with the memoir of to-day, in which some donkey who has once shaken hands with a monarch describes his sensations under some title like "The Real King —," or some poor old tattered reputation tricks out again in broad daylight its withered fineries. But that is harmless enough, for it makes no pretensions. The mischief begins when the public is given the same thing a little further removed in date and told that it is history, for thereby a prurient appetite is created which cannot relish the true fruits of Clio's garden.

One extreme produces another. History has become too much a thing of the gutter, because those who know better would make it altogether a thing of the schools. This is Mr. Trevelyan's explanation, and we believe it to be just. The archivist has been running wild of late, and in the high places of the craft we are told

¹ Clio, a Muse: and other Essays. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans: 1913.

that the one damning vice of history is popularity. Half a dozen years in the fourteenth century are accounted the work of a man's lifetime, and periods are allotted and determined with the rigidity of Calvinistic dogmas. Far be it from us to decry exact scholarship and labored research. They are the foundation of all good history, but their results are the raw material, not the finished product. Indeed, if we had to choose, we think the mistake of the pedant is greater than the mistake of the hasty litterateur, for the latter, at any rate, attempts to use his material, to tell a tale, and to link the record of the past, however vulgar his method, with the arts and the humanities.

By history we mean the attempt to write in detail the story of a substantial fragment of the past, so that its life is re-created for us, its moods and forms of thought reconstructed, and its figures strongly represented against a background painted in authentic colors. Hence for our argument we exclude memoirs and biographies, which are side-shows in the historical drama. Of these in recent years we have had some admirable examples, such as Colonel Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson," and Mr. F. S. Oliver's "Alexander Hamilton." But the historian's task differs from the biographer's, for while the latter produces a miniature, or at best a kit-kat, the former works with a large canvas and a multitude of figures. In history quantities as well as qualities are demanded. As in a novel of Scott or a play of Shakespeare, a great piece of life must be taken, the threads of it distinguished, the motives and causes diagnosed, and the movement of it represented with something of the drama of the original. Some will concern themselves chiefly with the evidence, for unlike fiction history must produce its credentials; some will pre-

fer to dwell on the evolution of ideas and the birth of movements and the contribution of the period to the world's stock of thought; while others will see only the bright colors and the sounding deeds. Each half-view will claim to be the whole, and will label history accordingly as a science, a philosophy, or as an art. But the truth is, that no more than a drama or a novel can history afford to be only one of these things. It must have science in its structure, and philosophy in its spirit, and art in its presentation.

The historian who rashly proclaims himself a scientist can have only a nodding acquaintance with the character of the physical sciences. Where is the clockwork uniformity which science postulates in its effects and causes? Where are the historical laws of universal validity? The "teaching" of history is as various and contradictory as the theories about the Pentateuch. "You cannot," says Mr. Trevelyan, "so completely isolate any historical event from its circumstances as to be able to deduce from it a law of general application. Only politicians adorning their speeches with historical arguments have this power; and even they never agree." M. Bergson has shown us that half the blunders of philosophy are due to the application of the methods and ideals of physical science to spheres of thought where they are strictly inapplicable. In the kaleidoscope of the past we cannot sort out effects and causes with any precision, nor can we weigh evidence in the meticulous scales which science demands. Even when causes are reasonably plain, their classification eludes us; we cannot tell which is the *causa causans*, which are proximate or efficient or final. We must be content with generalizations which are only generalizations and not laws, with broad effects and massed colors, like a landscape seen from a far hill-

top. The vice of the scientific historian is that he underrates the complexity of human nature. He would turn mankind into automata, motives into a few elementary emotions, and the infinitely varied web of life into a simple geometrical pattern. Order and simplicity are great things, but they must be natural to the subject and not due to the color-blindness of the historian. Of this fault Buckle is perhaps the worst example, but Sainte-Beuve's comment on Guizot's writings is the final analysis of the intellectual habit.

"[They] form a chain from which you cannot remove a link. His aim is to rule and organize the past as well as the present. I am one of those who doubt if it is given to man to embrace the causes of his history with this completeness and certitude. He finds it almost beyond his strength to understand the present. History seen from a distance undergoes a singular metamorphosis. It produces the illusion—the most dangerous of all—that it is rational. The follies, the ambitions, the thousand strange accidents which compose it, all these disappear. Every accident becomes a necessity. Guizot's history is far too logical to be true."²

Would-be scientific history is not only untrue—because it aims at the wrong kind of truth—but it is apt to be woefully dull. Its writers are so concerned with their method that they neglect their matter, and give us drabs and sub-fuses instead of the glowing colors of life. It forgets that blood once flowed in the veins of the old protagonists; that men fought and schemed to win Queens and thrones, and not to point a moral for a scholar some centuries later. "It has a compactness," Carlyle wrote of Mignet's "Précis," "a vigor as of riveted rods of iron, the symmetry, if not of a liv-

ing tree, yet of a well-manufactured gridiron." The scientific method may give us order, but that order is angular, not shapely; and, being an artificial imported thing, in no wise indigenous to the facts, it will obscure and distort rather than clarify.

A more venial fault of the scientist is that he sometimes grows so interested in the search for facts that he forgets all about order, proportion, method, and everything else. It is venial because it is in defiance of his theory; he slips into it from the tendency of human nature to become absorbed in any sporting quest. Facts, for their own sweet sake, however trivial, become the passion of the inquirer, and the shaping spirit of history takes wing and departs. It would be easy to point to many historical works which are simply coagulated masses of raw material, the tabulated results of the archivist or the excavator. They are spade-work, not architecture; immensely valuable when used, but till then meaningless. It is ungracious to decry such painstaking toil; but even industry may be harmful if it imagines that the house is built when the quarryman has done his job.

The trouble about science in history is that it is so little scientific. It either simplifies unduly, or in its passion for facts it forgets that truth is a reconstruction and that facts incorrectly focussed may be merely untrue. At the same time the fashion has its valuable side, if only because it inculcates a greater conscientiousness in the collection of data. It drives out the smatterer, and if it does nothing else it provides a foundation for abler men to build on. Some share of the scientific temper is indispensable for the historian. He must go soberly about the business of finding evidence, he must distinguish first-hand from second-hand, and in his

² The translation is from Mr. G. P. Gooch's admirable work, "History and Historians of the 19th Century." Longmans: 1913.

quest of truth use some at any rate of the methods of the laboratory. The analogy with the physicist is perhaps misleading, and the better parallel is that of the lawyer, who can test his data by the eternal laws of evidence and stands in no foolish awe of the expert witness. Unless a historian is prepared to dig his own foundations and find his own material, or, when this has been done for him, to scrutinize jealously the results, he may erect a pretty building, but it will not be numbered among Clio's temples. It may have many charms, but it will not merit the name of history, for history in the fullest sense is the pursuit of truth.

Philosophy and history are old allies, but they have separate kingdoms, though they are in the habit of contracting frequent reciprocal loans. A score of popular epigrams—"History is philosophy teaching by examples"; "*Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*"—testify to the connection. Philosophy, it is true, has sometimes in its high *priori* vein risen to views which made nonsense of its neighbor, as when Hegel, contemplating the stately process of the Absolute Will, found its final expression—up to date—in the Germany before 1840, and thereby gave occasion for one of Renan's happiest efforts of wit. The professional metaphysician has rarely made a good historian—David Hume is not a case to the contrary, for his metaphysics were of a sober and critical cast. The awful gambols of the *Welt-Geist* would make havoc of any narrative, and we should not know our forefathers when translated into the terminology of Dialectic. But the historian must have some kind of philosophy of life to be a lantern in the intricate ways of the past. He must have an eye for movements of thought as well as of armies, and trace the genealogy of ideas not less diligently

than the pedigrees of ruling houses. He must also have certain moral canons, for he has not only to chronicle but to judge.

Human nature being what it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his philosophy will be imperfect and frequently degenerate into bias. This is perhaps just as well in the interests of his readers, for the passionless detachment of a Ranke grows wearisome after a time, and we long for one lusty prejudice. Provided the bias is open and not too violent it does little harm, for we can allow for it and correct it. It is far worse when with an air of divine impartiality we are given history where the bias subtly influences the presentation of facts and does not merely weigh the judgment on them. Sir Archibald Alison wrote history to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories, while Macaulay would have it that the Celestial Armies fought dutifully on behalf of the Whigs. To Froude the Protestant Reformation was a cause so noble that it dignified even its faultiest professors; to Mr. Belloc it is the beginning of the long decline from freedom to slavery. To Michelet the Revolution was the dawn of light and reason, to Taine a black darkness of folly. Treitschke wrote his great history as the prophet of Prussian nationalism, Mommsen told the story of Rome as a devotee of that Caesarism which was to him at once the greatest of imperialisms and the truest of democracies. It is hard to condemn such prepossessions, for they give enduring vitality. We can correct Mommsen's view of the Senatorian case, we can forgive him his treatment of Cicero; but we could not do without his unmatched portrait of Julius.

One condition only must be laid down—the thesis in the historian's mind must be more or less rational. History written with a bias towards

preposterous dogma becomes farce. The caution is needed, for this way lies a spurious originality only too seductive to certain minds. If the point of view is fantastic, the whole grouping of events will be novel. The history of the world as illustrating the domination of red-haired men would be the kind of enquiry that would lead to startling results. The truth is, that the past is easy to pervert, and must be approached with sincerity and reverence. Some sort of case can be made out for the wildest view, just as the embarrassed politician will find historical warrant for the craziest theories. The crowd applauds such gymnastics, but the lover of history averts his face. It is so easy and so useless. Happily, there is one corrective. If you read history as the triumph of red-haired men, some one else with equal justice will read it as a triumph of the black-haired, and the two follies will balance each other. Some years ago Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain's book, "*The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*," had a great vogue in Germany and a certain popularity here. It found in the history of the Christian era an eternal strife between Jew and Teuton, and adopted the pleasing habit of dubbing as Teutonic everything and everybody that the author admired. The corrective appeared two years ago in Professor Werner Sombart's "*Die Juden und das Wirtschaftsleben*," where a variety of heroes—from Christopher Columbus to John Law of Lauriston—are claimed for the race of Abraham.

History is neither science nor philosophy, though it enlists both in its service; but it is indisputably an art. As a reconstruction of the past, it demands precisely the qualities that we look for in the novel or the play. It is primarily a story, and must have the swiftness and cohesion of good

narrative. It must have drama, so that the sequence of events is shown as issuing in some great moment, and, contrariwise, the great moment appears—not as an isolated crisis, but as linked to a long roll of causes and inspired by the characters of the protagonists. These protagonists must be made to live again with something of the vigor of reality, and psychology must lend its aid to make them credible human beings. The past must be no design in snow and ink, after the fashion of the minor moralist, but a picture with all the shades and half-tones of life. There is need, too, of a background, for we must see the drama of the past with its correct appurtenances of manners, customs, costume, and landscape if we would see it in its truth. In all this, perhaps, drama is the keynote. Thucydides, the most perfect historian that ever lived, so ordered his great narrative that with little trouble it could take the form of a play. History is more than a pageant, as some would have us believe, for events do not follow each other merely as successors in time. It may not possess the perfect causal links of the physical sciences, but it has its own inevitableness. A crisis or a movement is not an unrelated fact, and a calamity must affect us as something which, granted the antecedents, was as certain as that night follows day.

The most scientific of historians, however he may disclaim it, is apt to feel this need for drama, and he often seeks to achieve it by illegitimate means. Surprise is essentially dramatic, and if an accepted view can be upset then the world will be thrilled. If you can paint Henry VIII. as a model husband, or Hellogabalus as a great religious reformer, or Nero as a far-seeing statesman who sacrificed his private love of virtue to the interests of the Empire, or Caesar Borgla

as a mild and scrupulous ruler, or Lucrezia as a saint misunderstood, or Messalina as a pattern housewife, you will certainly get drama of a kind. Or you may get it by upsetting the good and great—by portraying Marcus Aurelius as a libertine, or Luther as a hypocrite, or Napoleon as a bungler. Or you may find it by taking some obscure figure and exalting him into a man of destiny, as M. Ferrero has done with Mummius. Or, lastly, you may adopt the plan of providing some explanation of a historic change infinitely removed from accepted beliefs, like M. Ferrero's version of Anthony's motives, or the new theory that the decline of Greece was due to the advent of malaria. There may be truth of a sort in each of these views, but it is a dangerous practice. To run counter to the world's judgments needs great sincerity and a scrupulous good faith on the part of the historian, and we must examine most jealously his passport. Such drama is like Impressionist effects in painting; it is too easy to be convincing, and when carried to any length it degrades the seriousness of the art.

If we are to keep history from the charlatan it is important to determine very clearly each of the artistic qualities which are necessary for its perfection. Drama may be over-done. Froude, in his essay on "The Science of History," seems inclined to make it the be-all and end-all of historical writing, which it is not. The aim of history is to tell the truth, so far as it can be ascertained, about the past life of humanity, and it is dramatic only because human life is dramatic. If drama is made the sole object, it will be sought at all seasons, and will soon be perverted into melodrama. The temptation to make a good story will run away with the historian, and we shall have climaxes and surprises which are artificial and therefore in-

artistic. Froude himself is a sinner in this respect, but he errs less than Macaulay. It is not that the latter is unfair, for he can see faults in his friends and merits in his enemies; but his antithetical habit made him constantly prone to exaggerate for the sake of a dramatic contrast, and this exaggeration is found not only in his character-drawing, which lacks subtlety and breadth, but in his narrative, where he is almost always working for an effective "curtain." It is all very fascinating and exciting, but it has rarely the dramatic force which a more conscientious artist attains. Mommsen, for example, never apparently strives after drama, but when the great moment arrives naturally, as in Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon, he rises easily to the heights. "It was not merely the man of genius versed in the knowledge and skilled in the control of men's hearts, whose brilliant eloquence shone forth and glowed in this crisis of his own and the world's destiny"—it is impossible to read the passage without a thrill; and when he concludes with "The die was cast," we are convinced that the future of mankind was indeed in the balance. False drama is sometimes achieved, too, by historians who are not of the popular school. Taine is an example—Taine, who believed that history was a mechanical problem, a science analogous to physiology: who, when he had once found his formula, thought that its application was as simple as the rule of three. The formula mastered him and compelled him to resort to violent shifts to prove its efficacy. No one can deny the dramatic power of his portrait of Napoleon, but it is as perverse and unhistorical as the tearful pages of Lamartine.

Of the other artistic qualities, "background" and style are the most vital. The picture must be complete,

with landscape and atmosphere, if we are really to visualize the past. But here there is great need of the artist's sense of proportion, or the background will overwhelm instead of setting off the figures. The temptation is strong for a learned man to pour forth antiquarian details, but if such details are not to be an encumbrance they must be rigorously selected. There is probably no greater master in this branch than Macaulay, for, while he equips his stage with all its rightful furniture, the actors are never allowed to stumble over the "properties." Carlyle is inclined to over-decorate, like some recent productions of Shakespeare; Mr. Gardiner to fall into the other fault of an Elizabethan bareness. It is customary to find Gardiner's one weakness in his style, but that is simple and workmanlike, and capable at times of true eloquence. But his backgrounds are thin and drab, and though we know intimately the figures he presents, we think of them rather as souls than as bodies.

Style in the verbal sense is indispensable if only to make the narrative easy and compact. In sheer mastery of words Thucydides still ranks first in the literature of the world; Gibbon stands high; and among the moderns Froude is unsurpassed. Style such as these men possessed has both color and light in it. Macaulay and Carlyle are a little weighted by their mannerisms, and Michelet, who had far more balance and scrupulosity of mind than he is usually credited with, is at the mercy of his effervescing rhetoric. Style, indeed, is a somewhat double-edged gift, which too often cuts the hand of the user. If the historian be a hot partisan, then his writing will have fire and speed, whatever its other vices; whereas, if he be detached and passionless like Ranke, his use of words will be apt to be flat and

chilly. To get the best results as literature it is unfortunately true that the narrative must generally fall a little as history. That is why a flavor of partisanship seems almost essential in the historian, for a perfect bloodless urbanity will almost inevitably desiccate the style. Provided the bias be reasonable and not too violent, it is perhaps to be welcomed. Let the historian present his facts with the impartiality of a judge, and there is no harm in his stating his view with the fervor of an advocate, for then the reader has the material for forming his own opinion and is not bound to agree with the advocate.

We have spoken, hitherto, of history which deals with the complete life of a people or a continent during a space of time. But history does not cease to be an art when it is concerned not with the human comedy but with institutions. Here indeed the drama is not of the passions but of the intellect, and there is no room for ordinary emotion. But the artistic graces of precision, an adequate design, a wise proportion, and an attractive style are as necessary as ever. Fustel de Coulanges, though he held a theory of history as arid as Professor Bury's, yet could not forget the artistic sense of his race, and his work, like some rare wine, has a dry and tonic charm. The intellect is delighted by the exactness and grace of his demonstrations. Stubbs's "Constitutional History" is a masterpiece of art as well as of scholarship, and for all the bleakness of his subject he keeps the reader's interest alive. An even better example is F. W. Maitland, for he had not only the dry lucidity and exact proportions which belong to the province, but wit, vivacity, and imagination, so that without abating the rigor of the game he managed to link formal institutions to our common life. His books are more than mas-

terpieces of technique; they are the reflection of an extraordinary wise and fascinating soul. "The history of institutions," Stubbs once wrote, "cannot be mastered, can scarcely be approached, without an effort. It has a point of view and a language of its own. It reads the exploits and character of man by a different light from that shed by the false glow of arms. It holds out small temptations to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of truth." Nevertheless it is part of Clio's domain, and Clio is a Muse; and there will always be those who will prefer its clear distances and pale colors to the more garish and bustling world of ordinary history.

The good historian, whatever his period, must have in his composition something of the scientist, much of the philosopher, and more of the artist. Perhaps the elements have never yet been perfectly compounded; perhaps, indeed, they are of the nature of incompatibles and can never mix, the scientific striving against the artistic impulse to the end of the chapter. Who among men have come nearest to the perfect harmony? Gibbon, undoubtedly, among the moderns, for in spite of the limitations of his sympathy he understood as no other man has understood the organic continuity of history, and the surge and roll of his great narrative has qualities of art which are so far unsurpassed. Next to him must stand Mommsen, less of the philosopher, more of the scientist, a little less of the artist, who, according to Mr. Gooch, "alone has achieved the complete assimilation and reproduction of a classic civilization." In our own day S. R. Gardiner would in our opinion stand highest. He selected the most intricate and controversial epoch in our history, where passion and prejudice had run riot, and for forty years he labored to set the truth

patiently before the world. His industry was unwearied, and he who gleans after Gardiner will find little to show for his pains. He has his clear canons of political and moral worth, but he has no bias; he is as just to Charles as to Pym, and no modern writer has been less dominated by the glamor of Cromwell. His psychological insight was infallible, and he has rescued figures like Strafford and Montrose for the pantheon of national heroes. In the fullest sense he is a philosophical historian, for he not only chronicles but explains. Nor does he lack the gift of drama, and his sober narrative is haunted often with a sense of brooding fate, all the more impressive because he resorts to none of the ordinary arts of the dramatic writer. His style is simple, homely, and effective, but it exactly clothes his thought, and we cannot admit the charge of ungainliness which has sometimes been brought against it. His fault, as we have said, is rather that he is careless of background. He does not stop to fill in the details of his picture, so that his masterful figures, painted with all the hues and vigor of life, seem at times to be only of two dimensions, and to be warring in an unfeathered desert.

History is a work in which the talents of the English race have shown at their happiest. We are a history-loving people, desirous of keeping open our communications with the past, and basing our institutions on historical rather than logical grounds; hence it is only right that we should have produced in the last century some of the masterpieces of the craft. Clio has reason to be proud of her English votaries. But, lest we fall from our high estate, it is well to be on our watch against the heresies which would limit history to the collecting of raw material on the one hand or to popular sciolism on the

other, and would deny it the rank of an art. Clio is still a Muse, with the fire of Zeus in her veins. She is still

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the mother of Orpheus, and can stir our blood like poetry and song. *Vers incessu patuit Dea.*

THE TILERIES STACK.

CHAPTER II.

His disturbed mind notwithstanding, Jimmie Bishop slept soundly in that best bedroom of Bidston's best hotel—so soundly that he was slow to respond when Miss Minnie Dart, the chambermaid, rapped at the door and melodiously mentioned warm water. But Minnie persevered, and the matured appearance of the sun-glow in the room through the yellow-brown blinds helped his feet to the floor. Memory's annoying sudden spur also did something in the matter.

He detained Minnie Dart from her other duties for nearly a minute, partly for business and partly for a little harmless frivolity, upon which his mercurial soul insisted.

"Yes, sir," she replied, with perfect correctness of tone, when he began by suggesting to her that it was a beautiful morning.

"Well, then, see here, ducky," he continued, knowing instinctively that the smile on her side of the door was an honest pair to his, "I shall require my matutinal repast, otherwise my breakfast, in half-an-hour precisely. I'm going to shunt off out of this by the first train. See?"

"Very good, sir," said Minnie. "And what shall I order for you?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, striking a pensive attitude in his pyjamas. "How about one of Corker's penny mixed-meat pies, some chitterlings, and a ha'porth of toffee—eh, Min? What little brats we were!" he added feelingly.

She begged his pardon, but not at

once, being delayed by the trickle of soft laughter called forth by his words. Yes, to be sure, they were times, those remote days of infancy, when a penny to spend in Corker's bow-windowed shop by the school meant bliss for an hour, and when on frosty mornings she was wont to wipe Jimmie Bishop's little nose for him quite as a matter of course on his whimpering way to school.

"Oh, all right; anything you like, dear," he said then. "Ham and eggs—anything. By the bye, you are somebody's very own dear, aren't you? You ought to be, if you aren't, Min. But I bet you are."

"Yes, thank you, sir," she replied truthfully, dimpling so charmingly that it was a pity the show was wasted upon a mere door-panel.

She waited for no more of such trifling, however, and went downstairs with a few rapid assumptions about Jimmie and Mary Ridley.

Poor Mary Ridley! Some girls had good luck with their sweethearts, and some the other thing. She and Mary were not what could be termed friends, but she could sympathize with Mary in such a heart's tragedy as this of hers. Mary's face to the world was amazingly brave and smiling, but she was bound to have her feelings like every one else. It was too bad of Jimmie—downright wicked, indeed—to come thus flaunting his success in Bidston's eyes for a night and a morning, seemingly with not so much as a kind word or thought for Mary herself, let alone a personal apology about his misconduct in London. And he

had been such a nice little chap when he was a lad!

Meanwhile Jimmie himself had drawn those yellow-brown blinds, and, still in his pyjamas, plunged impetuously into the blue plush arm-chair by the hearth.

One glance at the Tileries chimney, very clear to view in the morning light, and he seemed a changed man. "Confound it all!" he ejaculated, and fled to the arm-chair.

There, in an abject huddle, he nursed his chin and his cheeks, surrendering himself afresh, with remarkable weakness, to the tumult of visions and thoughts which he had taken so defiantly to bed with him. He had challenged them then to interfere with his night's rest, or his literary ambitions of the future, and his will-power had won well so far. But Mary's spell was upon him once more, and would not be denied. He tried to mock it away. The revived details of that imprudent meeting by the chapel last night gave him strong help in the struggle. Mary's own gorgeous good sense, for example! If anything could stiffen his back, that ought. The recollection of Mrs. Ridley's simple old face under her black pagoda of a bonnet, and her childlike statement about his own dead mother's apparition in answer to prayer, raised a short scornful laugh in him. He followed it with a smile about Uncle Silas's money—compassionate as touching Mrs. Ridley; dubious and faint almost to the vanishing-point when associated with Phineas Ridley. If Mary was to be believed in what she had said about his altered views of him, old Phineas's nature was apparently not so primitive as she had suggested. It wasn't easy to think of him as ready, indeed anxious, according to Mr. Westcott, to wring his neck one day, and the very next willing, if not keenly anxious, to welcome him in the

Hen Lane parlor for the indelicate reason put forward by Mary's mother. This brought his meditations in hard instant grip with the indelicate reason itself—Mary's inheritance from her Uncle Silas. It brought him to his feet also, with a consciousness of the return of his mind's vigor.

"Bless the dear souls!" he exclaimed, with the light of dispassionate intellect—and that only—in his eyes. "They're fine, all of them; though how differently so!"

He began to dress resolutely. Time was flying, like the innocent white cloud-puffs against the blue backing of sky which told of a breeze outside. The nine-thirty express to town was on no account to be missed. The mass of his Bidston friends, with particular inclusion of Mr. Westcott, might make what they pleased of his unreasonably rapid departure. They were quite at liberty to think well or ill of him; their opinion either way was nothing at all to him. Mary would understand, and that sufficed.

At length he was ready, and it only remained to pack his bag. But in the moment of turning for it he espied opera-glasses on the mantelpiece behind a discolored plaster bust of Mr. Gladstone.

These delayed him for three or four minutes—important minutes they proved to be. The glasses were the very article he had longed for at intervals while he dressed. The Tileries chimney made continuous and stirring appeals to his imagination. A man was on its partially scaffolded summit, and the man could be no other than Mary's father. Jimmie yearned to see the old chap and his doings on that giddy perch more closely. He fully realized that the top of the chimney was the very best place in the world for Mr. Ridley until the nine-thirty express had left Bidston's railway station. But his interest in Mr.

Ridley just then was almost purely professional. It was as an iron-nerved Titan that Jimmie gloated over him. Phineas was destined to appear as chief personage in yet another of his stories—as heroic steeple-jack this time.

The glasses served him excellently. He caught Phineas actually trying to light his pipe in the wind. He was brought face to face with the chin-beard and the scowl. He could fancy he heard the old chap swear as one match after another was tossed into the void. His attitude, bolt-upright and legs well spread, on the edge of his abyss, was as fine as the rest of him. Even so high up and half a mile away, he was a colossus; as forbidding in aspect, moreover, as Jimmie had ever deemed him, which was saying much.

The glasses showed Jimmie one more movement on Mr. Ridley's part. The old man gave up striking futile matches and suddenly struck the air with his fist, then pocketed his pipe. He was obviously furious. And the next moment or so he drew a letter from his pocket and opened it out in the wind as if he were in a temper with it also.

But Jimmie had seen enough of him now. "My goodness," he said, lowering the glasses, "what an ugly-looking beggar he is!"

He replaced the glasses on the mantelpiece, made a solemn and immediate descent to the coffee-room, and rang the bell.

Indiscreetly or not, the chambermaid had given the coffee-room attendant a hint about him; and this second young lady was very sprightly and encouraging in ministering to his needs.

But he was a disappointment to her. He said nothing clever or amusing; indeed, he declined to converse at all. His most spirited remark was "Oh! is

that so?" when she expressed the hope that the rather pronounced noise of trotting traffic in the street outside was not an annoyance to him.

"It is Riddington race-day, sir," she explained; "quite an affair in these parts, as perhaps you know. Every one goes who can. There'll be an extra lot from the Tileries this year, because of the strike. They've been out ten days, and opportunity is being taken to mend the chimney."

Then came Jimmie's spirited remark; and he glanced at the girl so eagerly that she hoped she had broken his ice at last.

"Yes, sir," she replied very brightly. "There was a storm in March that loosened some of the stone-work. It did a great deal of damage in other ways, that storm did, in the district."

"Did it?" said Jimmie. "Well, you may bring me my bill. And don't fuss around any more, please. I've got things to think of, and you bother me. See?"

She saw reluctantly, and obeyed. He paid the bill, gave her a shilling for herself, and that ended their intercourse.

A few more minutes, and the purple hat was on Jimmie's head and his intentions were again "set fair" for London. He had shaken off the temptation to return to Hen Lane, which was in truth the engrossing chief of his thoughts while he breakfasted. Phineas being on the chimney made the temptation a strong one. No practical good could come of falling a second time in twenty-four hours into such temptation; yet for a while he craved the refreshment of one more smile from Mary's dear eyes as passionately as if his life's best stake depended upon it. The folly of such an indulgence declared itself in ample time to save him for his train.

A "farewell" to the chambermaid, and he was off. He returned to his

bedroom and rang expressly for Miss Dart; nor could her professional veneer of demureness withstand for more than an instant the smile with which he received her.

"Did you want me, sir?" she asked at the threshold, duly formal, but dimpling hugely.

"Only to thank you for your services," he told her, with a disgusting air of importance; "and," he added softly, pressing a sovereign into her hand, "to give you my blessing, Min, with this. See you again some day, I hope; in heaven if not in Bidston. Good-bye, dear."

"Oh Jimmie, you mustn't!" she breathed to his departing back at sight of the gold.

He turned at the stairhead and shook a frolicsome finger at her; whereupon a spirit of comedy akin to his own straightway prompted her to drop him a curtsy of sorts, and to say in an ordinary tone, "Good-morning, sir, and thank you very much indeed!" as if he were nothing more than an exceptionally generous visitor going his way.

A ceremonious London bow for the young lady in the office downstairs, and Jimmie stepped into the street.

He had still plenty of time for the train, with a little to spare for sociability if he cared to make amends this morning for his cavalier treatment of his old friends a few hours ago. But his plans were quite otherwise. Instead of going to the station, he turned into a side-street, designing to zigzag to his destination, and thus avoid Messrs. Perry, Griffin, and his other mercantile acquaintances. He was especially undesirous of meeting Mr. Westcott, as might befall him in the main street. Even two minutes' conversation with that gentleman would, he felt positive, be more than enough to take the cheer out of his imagination for the rest of the day.

And this would not do at all, inasmuch as he was determined to coax some good fruit from that fine faculty during his journey to town. Paper and fountain pen aiding him, he did not doubt his ability to succeed in the matter if he were not disagreeably crossed in the meantime.

Therefore he hurried down Harris Street, bent round Prospect Crescent, a curve of cheap red tenements for miners and others who liked an extensive view of pit-banks and a flaming iron-work on the horizon, and ought then to have veered to the right toward Canal Street and the goods-yard of Bidston's station.

But in fact he had not passed half the houses of the Crescent when he stopped. The Tileries chimney was visible here from base to head. It lured him more strenuously than ever. He stood and gazed at it, and then, made straight for it across the intervening jumble of olive and black pit-mounds and depressions with shining little pools in them.

Old Phineas was still plainly apparent on the top of the pile. The iron stairway by which he climbed to his giddy perch was also distinguishable. He could not return to earth without being seen by Jimmie. Probably he would stay where he was for a considerable while yet. But, whether he did or did not, there would be abundant time for Jimmie to achieve valuable inspirations, impressions, and so forth at the chimney's mighty base. These stored, he would trudge on a farther mile to the railway station of Hoxley Fields, bagging other patches of local color and perhaps an uncouth but telling adjective or two from local mouths, all for his note-book. His trifle of hand-luggage would not trouble him much even if he had to carry it the whole mile himself. And at Hoxley Fields he would get a stopping train for Birmingham, and

so to town by a different yet excellent route, without again approaching his dear but inconvenient friends of Bldston.

The first part of his plan fulfilled itself quite simply. He skirted the vast hollow from which the Tileries Company extracted the clay for its manufactures, and again, as in the past, it reminded him of a print of Dante's Hell." But he shuddered also as he thought of Phineas up above and this terraced pit some three hundred more feet below the stack's base. It seemed near enough to the chimney to be plumbed in a flying leap from the summit; yet Mary's father could light a pipe, or try to, and read his letters erect in a high wind on the edge of this terrific chasm as calmly as if he were in his Hen Lane kitchen, with his large feet comfortably on the hob.

The Tileries gate was ajar, and Jimmie entered the premises. A man sitting on a barrel by the weighing-machine just inside casually touched his cap to him.

"Good-morning," said Jimmie. "All on your own, are you? No objection to my looking round, I suppose?"

"None at all," said the man.

"I happen to know Mr. Ridley. You others are all at play, it seems?" Jimmie proceeded affably.

"Darn sight little play about it," retorted the man, with a sudden rise of his temperature. "We ain't at work, if that's what you mean."

"Same thing, I expect," laughed Jimmie, and moved on for the chimney.

He spent five useful minutes alone at its base, note-book in hand. Though fascinated and busy, he was vigilant throughout. But Phineas was never in sight here. The head of the stack had a massive overhanging cornice, to pass which the ladders made a forward bend to the slim

scaffold which supplied the stack with a temporary half-collar higher still. Thus Phineas was completely hidden on the summit. Nor did he show at all on the ladders.

A footstep then made Jimmie look round, and a boy with a postal badge on his arm approached him.

"Telegram for Mr. Ridley, sir," said the boy.

Jimmie smiled and pointed his pencil up the ladder.

"Not me, sir," said the boy, shaking his head. "Mrs. Ridley sent me on with it, because it's a special, she said; but I'm not goin' up there."

He had a little more to say—about Mrs. Ridley's opening the telegram, and then making it fast again in its envelope with stamp-paper, and giving him sixpence to bring it on to the Tileries.

"I can't do more than this, though," he concluded. "It's no use hollerin' up to him, is it, sir? The bloke in charge says you're a friend of his. Perhaps you'll be waitin' till he comes down, sir?"

A great commotion had started in Jimmie's mind during the boy's prattle. Twice his head tilted back slowly as his eyes ranged above those little vertical ladders climbing heavenward like the fabulous bean-stalk of the fabulous Jack. He was rather pale—from excitement mainly. But when at length he held out his hand for the telegram, it was with a smile of remarkable composure. "I'll see that he gets it," he said.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the boy. "Go up yourself, sir, will you?"

"I'll think about that," said Jimmie.

The boy had been gone about a minute when he brought his courage quite to the requisite pitch. Even then he was far from sure that he could do it. But, for two or three reasons, he meant to try.

At the best he might get as far as the cornice, and there make himself heard by Phineas. He would deliver the telegram to the astonished giant at that junction of the deadly and the merely dangerous, and then descend as fast as he safely could. And at the worst—if his pluck failed him in the first hundred feet—he would feel

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his way down again with his eyes shut. In either event, his sensations would be of the most valuable first-hand kind for his pen's use in the future.

There was a shed near, and he deposited his hat, umbrella, and bag in it. Then he returned and took his first steps skyward.

C. Edwardes.

(To be continued.)

A NEW WORD GAME.

All the world knows that one of the hobbies which can so fascinate a man as to make him a crank—or worse—is etymology. The derivation of words is a delightful prospect, and the hunting up of the origin of a word a most absorbing sport. It is one of those games which become awfully serious to the player and correspondingly tedious to the man who can't, or never has, or, at any rate, won't, play it. It can lead men into the wildest nonsense—such as attributing race to language, or fixing on some modern term the meaning of an antique root from which its mere sound has tortuously descended. With all its abuses, follies and delights the sport is certainly a first-rate occupation, and thousands have proved the truth of that.

But there is a converse to it: a sort of complementary game which, for my part, I enjoy almost as much, and that is the following out of the branches that extend from some one main trunk word, and watching the astonishingly different fates they suffer and their contrast with their original. I cannot tell whether this harmless amusement will appeal to anyone else as it does to me. But the evenings are long just now, and it is an excellent Patience or Solitaire, believe me, if one has nothing else to do.

Following up the story of one word is like watching a river system which goes up inland without tributary or backwater for hundreds of miles: like the Nile, for instance. Then, quite at the end of its journey you find it branching out amazingly. *Papyrus* is such a word: and "paper" stood for paper and nothing but paper, for some thousands of years—until, all of a sudden, it began to "spear," as they say in the South of England; that is, it began to throw out, to bud out, right and left in new and vigorous branches, and it came to mean a daily journal, a form of proof, a decoration for a wall, a non-existent supply, a debt, a gratuitous entry to a place of amusement, and I know not what else. "Paper" in quite the last few generations, in the last hundred years, I think—certainly not much more—has produced all these little children. "I have changed my paper." "Have you got it down on paper?" "It is a paper Army." "His paper is all over the City." "The House was full of paper"—and so on. For how many centuries did not that honest and universal word mean one thing and one thing only from the Euphrates to the Atlantic—and then, all at once, it bloomed like the aloe in its extreme old age.

Other words throw out four or five

big branches near the beginning of the business, and each branch forms a separate system of its own. Consider *Chair*—a great favorite of the collector in this line of goods is "chair." Chair is itself, of course, only a twig. The stem is the Greek *kathedra*, and that stem, by the way, runs up into two main branches of the fork in our common speech, for it gives us both *cathedral*, and the phrase *ex cathedra*. But that is by the way. "Chair" becoming both *chaire* and *chaise* in French gives you pulpit eloquence in that language, and a carriage in English. And in its English form it means the furniture on which you sit down, and authority over a public meeting, and a form of ovation. A man rises from his chair to quell a tumult, with cries of "Chair! Chair!" and if his activity makes him popular he is later on "chaired"—carried high in air by his dupes. "Chair" is something more. It is a professional appointment, a hall-mark and a direction of learning. The man who rose from his Chair to cry "Chair! Chair!"—and who was afterwards chaired—might well hold for the moment the Chair of Tautology in a seat of learning. Here you have a word rather like one of those standard apple trees which has been too much pruned and which was planted late. Right from the ground it begins to branch. The branches are far apart and few, but strong; and each has a few sub-branches.

Then there is the word which never meant to grow and which of its very nature you would think could not grow, but would remain simple to the end. Such a word is the private name *Jacob*. Yet see what happens to it! For century after century after century in the Desert and on the edges of the Desert it was a man's private name given to one man after another:—"Yaakob" or *Yakoub*—the supplanter. There must have been Jacob the son

of this and Jacob the son of that right away back to the beginnings of the tents and of the camels. How could it possibly grow? Yet grow it did. For there came upon the world what is called the Christian Religion, and among its chief Apostles were two bearing that name, and the name went drifting over all Christendom and bore fruit everywhere.

It became, in the first place, several different local forms. You had Iago; you had Jacques; you had James; and Lord! what a folson from those three and from the Latin Jacobus from which they all come!

A *Jacobin* is too-ardent and certain a Democrat: why? Because the more extreme Democrats of the French Revolution met in the Jacobin Convent in Paris. But how did that Dominican place in the Rue St. Honoré come to be called Jacobin? Because all Dominicans were called Jacobins. And why so? Because the mother-house of the Dominicans in Paris, the house where St. Thomas Aquinas wrote and taught (not that in which the Jacobin Club met centuries later) stood up in the University on the Street of St. Jacques and against the Gate of the same name.

Then you have *Jacobite*—dead as the name of a heresy, historically surviving as an adherent to the Stuart cause. And you have *Dago*, faintly and distantly derived from the Spanish name, and in *Santiago* you have the wacry of the Reconquista, two Naval actions, a pilgrimage and a valse; and *Iago* for your character in Shakespeare, and the Court of *St. James's*, and all the quarter of *St. James's* for the English connotation and, on a minor twig of so bushy a plant the Rum of that name. For in France to-day, when you say "*St. James*" it calls not the Palace nor London to the mind, but the West Indian spirit: "le punch" and "le toast," those most

deathly boring of all French institutions—especially when they are “of honor.” Heavens! How little anyone thought when he called out “*Yacoub*” over the sand to summon back his slave or his son what a whole bush of meanings would grow out of so plain a piece of dead wood!

Then there are words planted like seeds during the transition of the Roman Empire into the Dark Ages. The fruit of some has shrivelled; others have grown into most vigorous burgeonings.

They planted *scutum*, the oblong-shield of the Roman Regulars, and it gave you the tax *scutage*, which is dead; and in France the *écu*, the big silver-piece, now of five francs—a word just surviving and soon perhaps to die. Nearly the whole of that tree is dead or shrivelled. But there is some thin, immensely vital shoot of it running up through our time rejoicing; the word “*esquire*,” the title all can give, and all refuse, the most necessary part of all correspondence which the wise write in hieroglyph. Every time you scribble that “*Esq.*” to put off a bore or a dun *scutum*, a shield is at the root of you: for an “*esquire*” is the bearer of a shield: poor dog!

But if you want a fine, healthy developed foison from a similar seed consider *bota*. What was *bota*? It was any sort of leathern pouch caught up; a convenient thing for carrying a burden. That was *bota*. It remains, does the parent stem, still quite unchanged in the Spanish Hills: and there it is a leathern skin for wine. But it flourished in every other soil exceedingly, and is flourishing. It

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made *boot*, certainly: I am inclined to think in spite of the learned that it made *booty* and *bootless*; by *boot* it begat the servant at the inn and the cupboard in the carriage; it made *bottle* (*botella*—the little wine-skin), and so it made *butler* in an evil hour. It therefore made *butlery*, and *buttery* at Cambridge and *battels* at Oxford. Then another bit of it (starting from so close to its origin that it might be a twin) gave you *butt*, a cask, and some say—but I deny it—*butt*, a target; for this, I think, is *butte*. And do you not think that *bot*, which is dead now and meant a payment, came from a purse in some way?

What of *Atlas*, who bore the world upon his shoulders? He is a mountain; he is an ocean; he is a book of maps as well—and yet he was the father of the Pleiades!

What of *George*? George is simple enough. It is *Ge*—the earth—and *erg*. It is earth-working and the earth-worker. It is the husbandman. But George, that simple Greek word (Mr. Farmer) got sainted and was cast abroad by the whirling mill of Christendom and you have him as an architecture, and as a coin, and as an expletive, and as a battle-cry, and as a ship . . . and I am told there are other connotations.

The list is endless. Play you with it if you like. I am never tired of the game; nor is any part of it more delightful than the conflict. It breeds with other collectors who go purple in the face in their disputes with your theory of this word or of that, and whom you artfully egg on to foaming at the mouth.

H. Belloc.

THE BEAUTIFUL

Lately I was privileged to attend a debate, conducted entirely by artists, on Beauty and Emotion in Art. From what I made out of the debate (artists are not always very clear in verbal analysis), Art and Emotion and Beauty are interpreted with perplexing diversity. Indeed, there seems a wide belief that you cannot tell; that the whole business of good Art and bad Art, Beauty and Emotion is mysterious and incalculable. In dealing with horses or golf, a speech or a book, people feel surer of their footing. A horse may be piebald or bay, a speech philosophic or political, but one has a solid basis for criticism; the animal is sound or spavined, the speech is gaseous or close-reasoned and profound. You are not in doubt; the speech and book either reflect a deep intelligence and unusual perception or they do not.

But with the arts, it seems, one can never tell. More than half our bewilderment is due, perhaps, to our habit of giving terms an absolute value, regardless of the truth that their value is really our own invention. Many people think that there is an absolute concrete object called Beauty which exists independently of human valuation. In much the same way some people say things are "good" or "manly." Fox-hunting, for example, is defined as "manly," even as in Fielding's day the three-bottle habit was "manly." Nevertheless, in a century's time hunting may be lumped with Squire Western as the characteristic of a cruder day. So beauty obviously must be dependent on human conception. Opposing this view, people say, "That is absurd; a flower blooming unknown in some unpenetrated jungle is beautiful, though no one has ever seen it or conceived of

it as beautiful." Incontestably, however, the flower is not beautiful until we think of it as so; nor does it strike the flies and beetles that perceive it as beautiful, in our sense.

Beauty, then, must be considered as a quality imposed by human consciousness. One of the artists at the debate in question was inclined to identify it with life, another with pure rhythm. In the one view, presumably, the artist who interprets the living character of his subject has painted a picture which will be recognized as beautiful; in the other Beauty is a state of mind evoked by harmony of color and flow of line. We might legitimately object to the incompleteness of the first thesis on the score of architecture and music. One cannot, without straining words, define the abstract motif of these arts as life. Nor is the other statement finally satisfactory, because pictorial and sculptural rhythm, even perfect technical rhythm, does not permanently supply our need unless it be imbued with profound human significance.

Others, again, suggest that truth in Art becomes in our esteem transfigured into beauty; but, leaving aside for the moment the inevitable counter-question, "What is truth?", we may reasonably think that truth is not invariably beautiful. On the other hand, beauty certainly is impossible without truth, so that the latter seems to be more indispensable in the long run. But what is truth, in Art if not in everything? As far as one can tell, it is an horizon line on a boundless unknown ocean. What is truth from the shore ceases to seem truth to the man who has gone forth to the offing, for he still sees the horizon far ahead. Truth, indeed, like beauty, is on a sliding scale, so that we have to ac-

quiesce in a condition something like this: there are as many truths and beauties as there are people to see them; quot homines, in short. Therefore in the most charitable spirit we should allow that a child's drawing of a horse, a picture by Maud Goodman, a Rembrandt etching, a Leighton, and a late Turner are severally true and beautiful, to their authors. While in such liberal vein we should freely admit that every single extant thing, from the "Poultry Shop" in the National Gallery, by W. Mieris, to Mr. Duncan Grant's "Adam and Eve," in the Alpine Club, and Mr. Epstein's drawings and flenite carvings in York Buildings, Adelphi, represents its parent's ideal of Truth and Beauty. In every one, that is to say, we see its author's special idea of what is true and wonderful, and in some cases noble. In some cases, I say, because obviously a great many painters have painted things without the least intention of depicting nobility or beauty. Degas, Goya, Daumier, and many splendid portrait painters have at some time been driven not by their sense of mysterious beauty or noble character, but by cynicism, passionate disgust, or derision. Works thrown up from such intense moods might be revered for truth rather than beauty.

To return, however, to the more general argument and our wholesale admission that all Art, from the Parthenon to a gaudy picture palace, represents somebody's private conception of Truth and Beauty. (This covering charity obviously shelves that awkward question of sincerity, charlatany, and blague.) Recognizing that these qualities are subjective and, as it were, on a sliding scale, we find ourselves surely in a far more constant and practical position with regards to a basis for criticism. For now, instead of speculating on mysterious and baffling elements, something akin to

radium or electricity, we are concerned with what James would call the "cash value" of a man's intellect and conception. Is the quality that he calls truth profound or shallow; are the things that arouse his wonder and delight platitudes or far-seen revelations; is his work agreeable chit-chat or pregnant with universal import? We, the onlookers, are of course conditioned by our own capacity to see and feel. But in so far as we can estimate the "cash value" of a speech or book more or less approximately, we should be able to gauge the calibre of the mind that finds showy or petty or shiny things beautiful and of the mind that finds beauty in profounder qualities. Yet it is very common to hear people of wide culture and discrimination, who would immediately detect the superficiality of cheap rhetoric or sentimental writing, assert that Leighton and Tadema, for example, are profound and spiritual. This anomaly arises from supposing that Art requires a standard quite different from that required by literature and thought.

Leighton may say, "All styles of Art are admirable if well painted," just as the student of religions may say all thoroughly observed creeds are admirable. But they are only admirable in a limited and strictly qualified way. To the Bolognese School stagey gestures, upturned, liquid eyes, and terrific brown shadows were beautiful; to the Middle Ages the idea of a capricious and hardly appeasable God, probably gray-bearded and robed in red or blue, was truth. But it now seems settled that that beauty and that truth were, so to speak, low types—admirable, perhaps, as such, but not in comparison with more significant ideals. On the other hand, history is crowded with conceptions of truth and beauty which still seem immense, which still outstrip our ap-

prehension. In time, perhaps, they too will cease to be immense because future genius will have come up with them and gone beyond, thus establishing a new record. Humanly speaking there is no absolute fixed beauty.

What chance, then, we may ask, has anyone of expressing a beauty that shall be permanently beautiful? Taking the men who have for centuries been worshipped—Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, Rubens—we can only answer that it all depends on the direction that future thought takes. If artistic thought is still interested in the superb animal beauty that interested Titian and Rubens, the "Flora" and "Hélène Fourment," at Vienna, will be beautiful still in 2313 A.D. But if, as seems more consistent with past history, collective perception turns more and more away from physical, material qualities, then these ladies will merely bore posterity as platitudes or as relics of crude enterprise. To the wise, of course, they will appeal as indispensable steps in evolution.

But though we must admit that Beauty and Truth do not exist save as almost transient conceptions, we must also recognize that the human quest for and invention of new beauty and truth is imperishable. To many this is the strongest available evidence for the belief that man is but the vehicle of an immeasurable Intelligence, restlessly intent on creating perfect

truth and perfect beauty. How else, indeed, explain the phenomenon of men going on and on when practical utility and the perpetuation of the race is not involved? Phidias, Michelangelo, or Turner, surely all that utility and sheer race preservation required was satisfied by these?—but still the game goes on, with divine dissatisfaction and research ever breaking forth.

I have no doubt I am fast getting beyond the province of Art criticism. The upshot of this enquiry seems to be that the sort of beauty a man finds to wonder at exactly corresponds with his spiritual and intellectual calibre, much as a man's speech on housing reform exactly reflects his sincerity and range of perception. The public commanded by the artist and the orator will obviously also reflect their moral, mental, and imaginative quality. The artist with the most ordinary mind must be the most popular, as numbers go, because ordinary minds enormously outnumber extraordinary. But the artists who in their day find beauty in what seems inaccessible and strange endue their Art with a more enduring beauty. For centuries will pass before such Art becomes a platitude. But for ourselves, ever reckoning with ordinary human fallibility, surely it is not impossible to discern what is slight in mental fibre and unimportant, and what is deep and significant.

The Saturday Review.

C. H. Collins Baker.

AN ASPECT OVERLOOKED.

It is customary and proper for a novelist to pause for a moment before finally collecting the separated threads of his narrative, and to endeavor to trace some logical coherence in the succession of events he has narrated. This opportunity has been used with

happy effect by Mr. Arnold Bennett towards the close of one of his most carefully finished and artistic books, "The Old Wives' Tale." The current of life which has so long divided the two sisters, leaving one to vegetate in the shallows of a provincial draper's

shop, and sweeping the other through crowded years of Paris, the Second Empire, the Siege, and the Commune, has at last drifted them together again in the quiet resting-place of the Five Towns. Their lives have been remote in feeling as well as experience. One has lived diffusely, the other intensely. The elder accepts existence without analysis; the younger feels acutely how strange it is that she who has undergone so much, and can look upon her birthplace with alien eyes, should be the very selfsame she, unaltered in essence, who grew there from girl to woman, unconscious of the turmoil of her future. And yet she, too, comes to a similar attitude of amused resignation. "After all," she thinks, with a shrug, "life is like that." There are some calamities in it, but many small pleasures; the daily commonplace events bulk larger than the great happenings. There is much matter for wonder, but much more with which to be content.

The remark is not, perhaps, very profound; it offers no solution of the eternal problems; but to the mind of the reader straight from a surfeit of modern fiction it comes with a curious freshness and force. For many of our best living novelists, the men who have really contributed something to English literature, have done most of their work on quite an opposite theory. They select only such aspects of things as will fit in with a premeditated scheme adjusted to their own temperaments. Take an example deservedly honored, Mr. Thomas Hardy. Nobody at the present day would deny his eminence in letters or his distinction in the world of character-study; his peasants are in some sort immortal; and although the construction of plots is not his strongest point, still, taken singly, they are not incredible and rarely even improbable. But when we look back upon the series of

volumes, and consider the sum total of his work, we realize that the general effect is untrue. "Life is *not* like that," we think impatiently. "These things never happened." The tone is too menacing. There is no malice in Fate, nor does the world conspire against humanity.

In like manner we rebel against Mr. Galsworthy, who "revolves the sad vicissitudes of things" so painfully and so long. We turn naturally away from the dreary wilderness, unilluminated by purpose, thought, or humor, that the late George Gissing discovered in Suburbia. Since Mr. Wells abandoned the kindly everyday sphere of shop assistants, and school teachers, and country actors, and general servants, that he painted with so much insight and sympathy, and hit upon his more recent vein of aggressive reform, we feel that the parting of the ways has come in his case also. We refuse to believe in the wholesale immorality of everybody, we are not convinced that a plain church marriage is the inevitable prelude to disaster, and we incline to doubt what appears to be his fundamental axiom, that the salvation of the world can be worked out only by efficient and unspeakable cads. We are equally unconvinced by Mr. Hichens, the leader of quite another and much more sophisticated school. His characters exist solely for the abnormal; they develop passions for statues and precious stones, or fraternize with renegade monks in the Sahara, or thrill with sinister emotions at orchestral concerts. Such things are uncharacteristic, not merely of common life, but of any life. We do not move so closely upon the borders of the morbid and the supernatural as he would have us imagine. Even the most decadent of men spend much the largest portion of their time in ordinary commonplace ways. After all, the Bank and the beefsteak and the

omnibus are necessary facts too. The art of a Shakespeare or a Dickens would not neglect what enters so largely into the web of daily life.

The truth of the matter is that we are unreasonably afraid of the obvious. The atmosphere we deem essential in fiction, and strive so hard to create, is only a distorting medium; the remote characters whose emotions we analyze so subtly are really less interesting than the man next door, if we had only the courage to believe it. The commonplace has one outstanding merit: it is the best to live with. The platitude has become a platitude from its constant and vital truth; that is what saves it from extinction. It has (to use a convenient Americanism) "made good" for so long, it has proved serviceable to so many different generations, that it cannot be wise to neglect it altogether. The brilliant unusual things are wrong more often than the dull

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common things, although we are inclined to act as if we thought otherwise. Bread-and-butter is not exciting, but it does not exasperate; while, as the Colonel in "Patience" discovered, if you have toffee for breakfast, toffee for lunch, toffee for dinner, even toffee can become monotonous. Of late we have dined rather too freely on toffee, and our palate is getting jaded. The toffee was good toffee, and we admit the ability of the men who made it for us, but we have come to want something else. We weary for plain joints and vegetables once more. We want to see plate-glass views instead of tinted impressions; and we are ready to welcome the novelist who will show us ordinary men and women treading their daily round in the main with enjoyment, and facing evil with fortitude when the inevitable accidents of life beset them on their way.

F. C. M.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

An unusually representative and distinguished gathering met at the Mansion House to support the project of celebrating in some permanent form the conclusion of a hundred years' peace between Great Britain and the United States. The suggestion that so pregnant an anniversary should not go unmarked came originally, we believe, from America. But it has been taken up with eagerness on this side of the Atlantic; a strong and capable committee was formed more than a year ago to commend it to the public; and if the necessary funds are forthcoming, it is certain that the British contributions to the scheme will be useful, distinctive, and worthy of the event they are intended to signalize. Already some substantial steps have been taken to give effect to the idea.

Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons, has been purchased and is to be preserved as a trust for the interest and enjoyment of American visitors. The *Prime Minister* justly observed in the course of his sympathetic speech, that this in itself was an ideal memorial. More than that, however, is both contemplated and called for. It is hoped to found and endow an itinerant Professorship in Anglo-American History, the holders of which are to deliver lectures alternately at British and American universities. In addition, it has been proposed that a site should be acquired in London for the erection of a replica of Saint Gaudens's noble statue of *Lincoln* that every visitor to Chicago has seen and admired; and it is also part of the plan that a text-book of Anglo-

American history should be prepared under the supervision of a competent Anglo-American committee and should be introduced simultaneously into the schools of both countries. Taken together these various proposals make a happy appeal to sentiment and utility. They demonstrate the exceptional bonds which unite Great Britain and the United States, and which, though often strained, have never in the past hundred years been broken; and they do more than a little to place the very idea of a future rupture among the things that the instincts of both peoples will pronounce to be inconceivable. The money that is needed to give substance to so promising a set of schemes—some £50,000 in all—ought certainly to be raised.

Anglo-American relations fortunately stand to-day in no need of artificial sustenance. The more simply they are taken the better; and the projected celebrations of the hundred years' peace would lose all their merit and value if they were an attempt to induce a state of feeling instead of being, as they are, a natural and spontaneous expression of it. We are not quite sure that Mr. Bryan's Peace Treaty can be classed in the same category. The State Department at Washington has announced that the British Government is taking it into serious consideration. That is a courtesy which would naturally be extended to any proposal from such a source, but it must not be taken as implying either that ultimate approval of Mr. Bryan's scheme is assured or that the relations between the two countries are regarded in Great Britain as requiring the confirmation of any special agreement to postpone recourse to arms. War between Great Britain and the United States has become unthinkable. With that central and indisputable fact we might well rest content, the more so as the fate of more than one

Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty should by now have taught the statesmen of both countries the folly of forcing the pace and of over-emphasizing facts and conditions that may safely be left to develop in their own way and at their own time. There have been great changes in the currents of popular feeling of the two peoples towards one another in the past few decades. On the British side they synchronized with, and were largely caused by, the triumph of democracy in the politics of the United Kingdom. On the American side they were mainly the result of the events that accompanied the war with Spain. To-day their mutual relations are such as every sensible Englishman and every sensible American would have them. The last thing they need is any formal or superfluous elaboration.

It was when the United States became a "World Power" that American opinion began to lose its anti-British tone; and it is probably in the sphere of foreign affairs that the two nations will in the future be drawn closest together in their recognition of common interests, if not in actual co-operation. The Americans have on hand at this moment two external problems that are both serious and perplexing. One concerns the status of Japanese emigrants to the United States, an anxious question which we in Great Britain, as the ally of one Power and the friend of the other, have assuredly no desire to complicate. The second and more pressing difficulty is the Mexican situation. President Wilson has issued a momentous proclamation raising the embargo upon the export of arms to Mexico. It is the first positive action he has taken in pursuit of his determination to oust General Huerta, and the added strength it will impart to the "rebels" may eventually crown it with success. The

Mexican problem, to be sure, will in that event be brought very little, if at all, nearer a lasting solution; but, whatever policy they are eventually driven to adopt, Americans may be confident that no difficulties will be placed in their way by the British Government. The necessities of the

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case make Mexico a matter of especially direct concern to the United States; but, apart from that, we have had in the British Empire too much experience of similar predicaments not to sympathize with the hesitancy of American statesmanship in the face of so difficult a situation.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Revue and Things.

Dearest Daphne,—I've been putting in quite a pleasant little time down at Much Gaddington with Bosh and Wee-Wee. Theatricals were the order of the night, and the best thing we did was a *revue* written for us by the Rector of Much Gaddington, who's a perfectly sweet man and immensely clever. It's a better *revue* than any of those at the theatres, and as that dreadful Censor had, of course, nothing to do with it the dear rector could make it as snappy as he liked. Wee-Wee and I were two "plume girls," Sal and Nan, in aprons, you know, and feathers and boots stitched with white; and our duet, "Biff along, Old Sport!" with a pavement dance between the verses, fairly brought down the house. The rector himself was *impayable* in his songs, "Wink to me only," and "Tango—Tangoing—Tangone!" But the outstanding feature of the whole affair was certainly Dick Flummery, who introduced his new and sensational *Danse à trois Jambes*, entirely his own invention!

What Dick doesn't know about dancing isn't worth knowing, and he says all the steps that *can* be done with two legs have *been* done, and for *anything* really novel another leg must be added. So he's had a clockwork leg made, and he winds it up before beginning and makes its movements blend in with the steps of his *real* legs,

and the effect is simply enormous!

People wrote to Wee-Wee from far and near begging to come and see "Hold Tight, Please!"—that's the name of the rector's *revue*—so we decided to give it in the village schoolroom for charity. Since then Dick's been fairly snowed under with offers from London managers. They offer him big terms, and if his colonel decides that the prestige of the regiment won't suffer through one of its officers doing a three-legged dance at the Halls Dick will accept. If the colonel objects, Dick will still accept, for then he'll send in his papers and go on the music-hall stage in earnest.

The rector has also had good offers for "Hold Tight, Please!" and he's busy toning it down before it's given in front of the dear old prudish public. He made us laugh one evening by telling us how he met his bishop lately at a Church Congress or something, and the bishop said, "There's a report that you've been seen once or twice lately at the Up-to-Date Variety Theatre, Piccadilly Square, London. You're able to contradict it, of course?" "Oh, that's quite all right, bishop," answered the dear rector; "I *have* run up to town several times in order to go to the Up-to-Date, but it was for business, not amusement. I'm responsible for the new ballet there, 'Fun, Frills and Frocks.'" So of course the bishop had no more to say.

I was talking to Norty yesterday about the state of Europe, and *when* we're to know who's who in the Near East, and which of the kingdoms out there are to be absorbed or abolished or allowed to go on; and he threw a new light on things by telling me that these matters are a good deal in the hands of the *stamp-collectors*—that when *they* agree among themselves as to what's to be done it *will* be done. A great many people who matter very much indeed are stamp-collectors, it seems, and it would make an *immense* difference in the value of their collections if certain countries were absorbed or abolished or allowed to go on. For instance, suppose anyone had a complete set of Albelian stamps, and Albelia wasn't allowed to go on, the set would become almost priceless. Norty says also that *heaps* of stamp-collectors who have been opposed tooth and nail to Home Rule on principle have been won over by the Coalition with the promise that an absolutely *sweet* set of Irish stamps would be issued as soon as H.R. became an accomplished fact. *Ainsi va le monde.*

The swing of the pendulum is going to make the coming season a *stately* one. It will be correct to be haughty and dignified. *Features* will be *de rigueur*, and aquiline noses will be very much worn. Dancing is to be deliberate and majestic, and partners will not touch each other; as Teddy Foljambe put it, "Soccer dancing will be in and Rugby dancing out." As far as one can see at present, the most

Punch.

popular dance at parties will be the war-dance of the Umgaroos, a tribe who live on the banks of some river at the back of beyond. I can't tell you anything about them except that they were found near this river doing this dance, and someone's brought it to Europe. It's very slow and impressive, and a native weapon, like a big egg-boller with a long handle, is carried. The dance grows faster towards the end and the native weapon is twirled. In a crowded room there'd be a little danger here, and one would have to practise carefully beforehand. Already Popsy Lady Ramsgate's maid, has brought an action against her for "grievous bodily harm." In practising the war-dance of the Umgaroos, Popsy twirled her weapon too wide and struck the girl on the head.

What do you think of the New Music, my child? No answer is expected. It's a question few people *dare* to answer. Norty's definition of the New Humor—"the old Humor without the Humor"—won't do for the New Music. It's quite out by itself. But on the whole it's darling music, full of new paths to somewhere or other, and ideas and impressions of one doesn't know what, and sprinkled all over with delicious accidentals that seem to have been shaken out of a pepper-pot.

I've just got some piano studies of Schönvinsky's, to be played with the eyes shut and gloves on, and they're too wonderful for words!

Ever thine,

Blanche.

SELF-FORGIVENESS.

It is commonly said nowadays that remorse is an emotion which is losing force. People, we are told, do not feel repentance as they did. We very

much doubt if so radical a change in human nature as this would imply is possible. What is undoubtedly true is that people do not any longer repent

on purpose. The ascetic ideal is dead. No one afflicts himself for his own good any more, but pain, unfortunately, is not therefore out of fashion. It is there, and we must endure it, and some of it is still directly traceable to the action of conscience; so, by the by, is a great deal of happiness—we are apt to forget that. Sometimes one is tempted to say as one looks round upon one's acquaintance, and sees how, in the course of years, the good get better and the bad get worse, that it is only good people who repent. Certainly self-forgiveness appears to present no difficulties to persons unfamiliar with moral effort. No one, however, believes himself to be bad. We all think ourselves as good as our neighbors at least—all, that is, but a very few very good people, who do not know themselves nor perhaps the world. But we are getting away from our subject, which is not self-appreciation, but self-forgiveness. Judging by their confessions, many religious men in the past may be said to have nourished a grudge against themselves which they would have been ashamed to nourish against any other person. It is impossible to imagine that so wise a man as St. Augustine would have thought the worse of any friend because he knew that as a boy that friend had robbed an orchard, but he did think the worse of himself for this slight offence all his life. This sort of remorse is gone. It was surely of the nature of penance rather than repentance. The pain was genuine, but it was induced. The saint flagellated himself with a recollection. He deliberately refused to forgive himself. It is a very much more serious matter to try to forgive oneself and be unable.

It is as a rule taken for granted that a man of ideal character is harder upon himself than upon others—in fact, that he forgives all men except

himself. Is not this almost too much to ask of human nature? If we are bound to excuse our neighbors as we excuse ourselves, surely we may invert the obligation and excuse ourselves as we excuse our neighbors. It would seem so, but it remains true that the best men do not do it. Perhaps it is impossible ever rightly to compare indignation against oneself and indignation against someone else. Complete understanding and fundamental sympathy exist in the one case only, and make the analogy incomplete. This argument might bring us up against a fearfully large question. Is there any limit to what Christianity demands of its adherents? The Sermon on the Mount looks as though there were none, and it is undeniably true that a good man who did not feel himself an unprofitable servant would come obviously short of perfection. It is difficult to say why these things should be, but conscience has never admitted the absolute claims of logic nor, for that matter, of absolute justice. For instance, a small act of wrongdoing bringing about a great evil provokes—in good people—a great repentance. Speaking from a logical standpoint, this should not be so; but conscience does not listen to logic. We may assure ourselves and assure other people that we or they are no more to blame than if nothing had come of the small misdeed; conscience will not listen to argument. We suffer according to the greatness of the catastrophe we have brought about. It is very difficult to find any moral explanation for this fact. It seems to be connected with some system of preventive punishment which we do not grasp. The same theory would hold good in the matter of rewards. A small act of self-sacrifice producing a great benefit must give to the humblest man a happiness in excess of his deserts.

Another common instance of the arbitrary decisions of conscience has given rise to the popular exhortation to "err on the side of mercy." To recognize that one has committed an error on the side of severity is to make a very painful discovery, and one likely to make a man come near to actually disliking himself. He can forgive the action; he finds it hard to forgive the man who did it. The sensation produces inward misery. Errors on the side of mercy we do occasionally live to repent, but we do not modify our good opinion of the man who committed them. We forgive ourselves with little difficulty, resolve to do better in future, and usually do the same again. If we are to regard the decrees of conscience in the light of a revelation there is no doubt that in this instance the popular saying points to the truth, and *vox populi* is for the moment *vox Dei*. Whoever put into the Litany the touching cry to be delivered from hardness of heart had suffered, we think, from this arbitrary verdict of conscience, and had never been able to forgive himself. Roman Catholics have systematized some of the inexplicable but perfectly distinct decisions of conscience, and have called the system casuistry. There are moments—we all admit it—when, speaking logically, it is right to do wrong. If we acted logically and refused to listen to conscience we should never forgive ourselves. There is nothing to be done if we would have peace of mind but to accept the revelation and let logic go.

It is a strange thing that the mental pain which most resembles the pain of remorse is the pain of wounded vanity. The recollection of having acted like a fool and made oneself ridiculous is exquisitely painful. We try to turn our thoughts and "shy" away from every reminder of our humiliation. So

efficacious is this spurious repentance that it may sometimes destroy spontaneity of manner altogether. The man who knows what it is to feel a fool may make up his mind never to put himself in that position again and is in danger of becoming a conventional stick. He cannot perhaps for years forgive himself for that act of folly, though he knows all the while that he has done no harm to anyone by his silliness, and very likely has provided one or more excellent persons with an amusing recollection and a good story. The worm of ridicule does die, however, and is at worst an innocuous creature compared to the worm of remorse. Circumstances occasionally allow us to compare the two at close quarters. It has occurred to many a man to avoid making a moral protest for fear of ridicule, only to find that for his own peace of mind he has made the wrong choice. Remorse and ridicule are not equally dreadful.

Perhaps a man is never so inclined to revolt against the decrees of conscience as when he has suddenly been made to suspect himself. For an intention which he has abandoned, for an involuntary hope, for a thought only, conscience will sometimes put him for ever on a different footing with himself. He can forgive himself; in fact, there is nothing to forgive; but he can never again hold his head so high in his own presence, so to speak. The verdict is for ever, yet nothing has been done. It seems unfair. It may very likely increase his sympathies: it will certainly modify his severities.

It is not, however, about matters of conscience only that people find it hard to forgive themselves. Some men jibe at themselves for ever on account of lost opportunities, half of which were never there to be lost. "If only I had done differently!" they complain,

"I should have been rich, or successful, or happy." Their friends know very well that they never had a chance of riches, that success is not in them, and that they might still be quite happy if they would. The truth is, we suppose, that no one likes to put his failure down to his defect. Circumstances have broad backs, and can bear the blame of the world without being altered by it. A moment's mistake, a false decision, a fatal hesitation, are misfortunes which may occur to the least commonplace of men. No one minds pleading guilty to the defects which occasion them. Anyone

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can forgive himself for them; but how hard it is to forgive oneself for being just one of the ordinary men who will never make, and in no circumstances ever could have made, any impression on their generation! We cannot forgive ourselves for that. We cannot bear to accuse ourselves of it even. Yet our friends accuse us and forgive us more easily than they could have forgiven our distinction. Their feeling has, we believe, a far deeper root than cynicism. It comes out of the far past, and has something to do with homogeneity.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. W. J. Hopkins this year explores a wider field and uses characters exemplifying a more varied social scale than he has hitherto chosen to include in his novels and his latest book, "Burbury Stoke," shows that he has not overestimated his present ability. The lovers of the story are gallant, the maidens, pretty and gay and the scenery, whether beach or cliff, or inland wood is rapturously described. As for twilight and evening star, and storm-cloud, Mr. Hopkins has not studied them out of doors and his Milton and Shakespeare in the library without undergoing steady improvement. His gentle humor and his graceful descriptive talent are always harmonious. "More," "More" asks that insatiable *Oliver Twist* the average man. Houghton Mifflin Company.

R. M. Johnston's "Bull Run: Its Strategy and Tactics" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is an extremely interesting contribution to the history of the Civil War. It is the fruit of a care-

ful and painstaking study of all the reports and official records relating to the battle and of personal survey of the ground over which the contending armies moved; and it is written with a clearness and fulness of detail which make it perfectly intelligible to any civilian reader. Very wisely, the author leads up to the study of the battle itself with a review of the military conditions on both sides and the general unpreparedness for the great struggle; and his reflections on the folly of drifting along, in time of peace, without any provision for the possible emergency of war, enforce a lesson which, it might have been thought, would have been taught once for all in 1861, but which the nation learned anew in the Spanish war and may yet have to be taught again at no distant day. The method adopted of studying first the conditions and movements on one side, and then on the other serves to make the description of the battle more vivid and enables the reader to understand the

plans of the leaders on both sides and to weigh justly their achievements and failures. There is no attempt at rhetoric and no trace of partiality; and the narrative is likely to remain the last word regarding the initial engagement of the Civil War. Numerous maps make it possible for the reader to follow closely all the movements described.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot has so arranged "Work," "Play," "Love" and "Worship," the four parts comprising his valuable volume "What Men Live by," that each chapter is related to every other, and it would be very near the truth to say that each sentence is related to all the others. In the single page constituting his preface he enumerates the little company of friends by whom he has been assisted, and a very significant list it is, for every name in it is a chapter in some honorably known family history, or refers to some creditable passage of American national life. There is no place for evil in a book so planned and indeed the book is wonderfully free from reference to evil. "Guard thyself," says Dr. Cabot but he follows the lesson set in the Hebrew story of man's first fault, and does not describe the forbidden fruit. The sinner knows all that he ought to ask: the wise man, sinner or stainless, desires to protect himself against not only evil deed and word, but against thought of evil. The chapter entitled "Confession: Petition: Praise" is especially salutary in its method. If Dr. Cabot omits nearly all the names known to hagiologists the most devout Franciscan could not more warmly praise the wise casuistry of St. Francis and his fearless application thereof. He helps himself, with proper acknowledgment, to all things lovely and of good report useful in his argument, whether they come from Professor George Herbert

Palmer, or Huysmans, or from Roger Wolcott. Dr. Cabot's book is the culmination of some fifteen years of diligent labor wisely directed, and all readers of insight will perceive that he will find his most deeply desired reward in the unstinted use of his precriptions. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The final report of the New York Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission has been published by the State printers,—the J. B. Lyon Co. of Albany—in a large and fully-illustrated volume. Like the earlier volume, it was prepared by Senator Henry W. Hill, secretary of the commission, to whose indefatigable energy the success of the celebration itself was largely due. It must have been with him a labor of love, for he is a native of Isle la Motte in Vermont near the Canadian border and familiar with all that region and its historic memories. The present volume describes and illustrates the allegorical bust, *La France*, which the French delegation presented, the memorial lighthouse at Crown Point and the memorial to Champlain; and gives full reports of the speeches made at the celebration by Ambassador Jusserand, of former Prime Minister Hanotaux, of the late Mayor Gaynor, of Attorney General Wickham, of Senator Hill and others who participated officially in the dedicatory ceremonies. There are full reports also of the social functions extended to the French visitors in various cities and at Ticonderoga and other points on Lake Champlain, at Niagara Falls, and in Canada, and in particular the entertainment of the French delegation by the New York Chamber of Commerce. Altogether, the volume is a fitting and attractive memorial of an important and significant historical occasion.